Vol. IV.

William Adams, PUBLISHERS

NEW YORK, JANUARY 17, 1874.

TERMS IN ADVANCE One copy, four months, \$1.00.
Two copies, one year. 5.00.

No. 201.

LIFE-HEROES.

BY FRANK M. IMBRIE

Yes, the intense, sweet dream is gone, is over; I've burst away from Passion's maddening thrill; Once more I stand a pure and perfect woman. Tried, proven; tempted, yet all stainless still.

Twee hard to bid his fierce, unyielding nature Drink passioned love in chary, tiny sips; 'Twa-harder still, the one he madly worshiped, Should dash the chalice brimming from his lips.

Tis easy, too, in life's eventful battle, Untried, to act the blamcless, sinless part; But, oh, so hard, to coldly chide the erring When error comes not from a wicked heart.

Tis sad to note the keen, brief joy-pulsations When Passion, wave-like, laves the being o'er, So sad to witness the remorse-filled hours That blast the tried soul to its tenderest core.

Tis true, we talk of insult, deeply-stinging; Assume high tragic; scorn the tempter's plea; Oh, man, is that our life's ennobling mission— Or, Christ-like, help the shackled—tempted, froe?

I know, in years to come, the sweet soul vision Will come to him, when L a firm friend stood While buffling yearning's dangerous syren-plead Restored his faith in perfect womanhood.

The Silver Serpent:

THE MYSTERY OF WILLOWOLD.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR., AUTHOR OF "YTOL," "STEALING A HEART," "IRON AND GOLD," "PRAIL OF PRAILS," "RED SCORPION," "HERCULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "CAT AND TIGER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE COMER IN THE STORM. A LARGE house near a straight, smooth road. approached by a narrow carriage-way beneath tall trees.

It was night—a stormy night in the month of August; lightning flashing, thunder boom-ing, and rain falling in drenching sheets, while warring winds howled and shrieked as the

gale swept on.

An aged woman sat in the brilliant parlor, listening, anon, to the flerce roaring without, and knitting vigorously on a pair of stockings.

Crouched on stools by her side, were two

handsome children—a boy and girl—each with hair of gold and eyes of brown.

"Hark, how it blows! It's a fearful storm.
Don't be afraid of the thunder, dears. How the trees are bending and straining now!—hear them craok. But, there's no danger for such innocents as you. Don't tremble."

"Can papa and mamma be out in it?" queried the boy, hugging closer to her knees.

"No. I guess not. They're safe housed, be sure. But, I'm afraid they won't be home till late— Ha! what's that?"

late— Ha! what's that?
"I thought I heard wheels," the boy whis-A step on the porch startled her. Then there

was a loud knock on the door. "That's not papa!" exclaimed the youthful "No. Let us see."

She arose to answer the summons. A chill blast-chill even in that summer monthsoughed in as she opened the door; and on the threshold, just discernible in the gloom, stood the figure of a man.

"Your pardon, madam," spoke a deep voice;
"I am drenched and tired. Can I find a resting-place here?"
"Yes. Come in—come in. Don't stand in

the rain. 'I am nearly drowned!" he declared, step-

He threw aside his hat and cape, and, stalking into the parlor, drew a chair up to the glowing hearth. "A fire to dry oneself by isn't unhandy such a night," said the woman, returning after re-

bolting the door. Welcome enough," he acquiesced, briefly. "Are you mistress of the house?

"No, no, I'm but a nurse for these two children. Colonel Paul Gregor and his wife went to town to day, and I'm alone." "Good."
"Eh?"

"What a flood"-jerking his thumb over his shoulder.
"Yes, it's a great rain. They may not be
this night on account of it. Ha!—what a

back this night on account of it. Ha!—what a flash that was." She clapped her hands to her eyes as a stream of lightning fairly danced around them, making dim the light of the

lamp.

Even the man started with a thrill of fear. "Nurse! Nurse!" cried the children, together, as they nestled to her with pallid faces and trembling forms.

"Hush!"—soothingly. "Do "Don't be frighten-Be brave, little ones," said the stranger;

but his voice contained no assurance, for it was deep almost to harshness. Then broke the terrific peal of thunder out

side. The electric shaft had riven a stately oak not a hundred yards from the house, and the report that followed the flash shook the building to its foundations.

Let us look at this stranger.

He was tall and slender—not thin, but lithe, supple, elastic. His face was singularly white, with a complexion pure as a woman's. The eyes were dark, hard, glittering, yet withal their piercing glance, at times wandering ab-sently—like twin sparks that glow and smolder alternately. From the sharp-angled cheeks grew side whiskers of glossy black, pliant as fibrous wire, for they were twirled downward to long points. His hands were slim, effeminate, pink nailed; on one finger he wore a curious and costly ring-and this ring flashed and shone as he slowly worked and rubbed his hands entwiningly, rested his elbows on the chair-arms, and stretched his long limbs, with their narrow, pointed shoes, before the fire. His tone of speech, like the changefulness of his



At that instant a face appeared at the window, with two large staring eyes that fixed on Crosler.

his character was his countenance: now sly, Were I a dead man I'd rouse while this storm, cause it was behind her, nor by the children, presently stern, at one moment blank, and lasts. Ugh!" shivering, with his glance turned who were dozing with their heads on her

again varying namelessly. The storm howled on. Nurse Mary resumed her seat and her knitting, and the stranger maintained a moody silence. The boy and girl regarded him distrustfully-two pair of eyes watching with instinctive dislike.

Have you come very far, sir?" she inquired, 'Yes. I was told, at a tavern some distance back, that the city lay but a mile beyond this place. I tried to reach it ere the storm broke."

Ah! you came from the west. "Maybe. I don't know west from east in such blackness."

"And you came, perhaps, from—"
"From the railroad station; choosing, rather, to take a short cut than wait for connection at the city suburbs," and he glanced covertly at her, to note whether the explanation

"So, you passed through the pines—through

"Dismal it is—yes: a crooked road, and one that would be dark at noonday. What a favorable spot for assassins to lurk in !—and how. easy to conceal there the body of a dead man. Ugh!" He looked toward her again from the corners of his eyes, and perceived that she shuddered, as if with a momentary chill. "Was it very dark?"

"It made me quicken my footsteps; and once, I fancied I could hear the hiss of serpents at my heels, or the soft tread of a prowl er tracking me with a drawn knife. I fancied it, I say; but, 'sblood! it was so real that I have no wish to try it again."

Ha! you heard snakes?" questioningly. I was frightened, and thought so. "Did you see any thing when you left the edge of the pines and struck the main road? I looked neither to the right nor to the left; but I might have seen, for then the clouds

were not over the moon. You did not see Willowold?" "Willowold?" he repeated, thoughtfully pursuing in a careless way, though the dark orbs were sparkling with interest. "What is Willowold?"

A monument of crime!" she answered, in a hushed strain. "Oh! It is a house, then?" and brighter

scintillated the cunning eyes.
"It was," nurse Mary emphasized, in a voice that sunk lower. "It was a house, but it now stands in grim ruins—dashed to pieces, they say, by just such a storm as this one of to-

'Sblood!" half aloud; and then: "This hurricane is sweeping every thing. The rain increases. But why do you ask me if I saw Willowold?"

She shook her head mysteriously.

"It's an evil place, sir."
"Some wonderful story, eh?" exclaimed the dark stranger, wheeling his chair around.

"Pray, madam, can it be possible that you have a specter-haunted ruins so close? What?

incredulously on her. "It stands to the right of the road, as you come out of the pines,"
"Had I known it, I should have run. I am

a miserable coward in superstition.' "It was once a grand place, surrounded by flowers and fair groves, and finished inside like a palace—inhabited by a father, a mother and a daughter. They brought their furniture from no ordinary town, and the whole was more

like a castle than a simple residence.' "But that was when I was a young wife myself-about ten years ago. The building has nigh toppled down in the rot and rack of weather; and an evil fate seemed to settle on it, for the trees have died to barren boughs, and only rank weeds grow where the flowers

Her knitting lay idly in her lap; she was leaning slightly forward, and speaking as if awed by her own earnestness

"Interesting!" enunciated the man, briefly, giving his chair a hitch nigher. "Tell me nore about this, madam.' His face affected blank wonderment : but there was an unmistakable keenness about the

twinkling eyes that might have betrayed to another more suspicious than she an important "You've never been here, I judge, else you'd

know the whole story."
"No. I come from a distant city. My nam is Varlan Crosier—by profession a lawyer. Do not let me interrupt you. You were telling me of Willowold, or began, which is the same. Did you know the names of the parties living there when this happened, whatever it was—if any thing happened at all?"

"Wilse De Martine and his wife, and their

lovely daughter, Elise—"

"Ah! lovely Elise," broke in the stranger, meditatively. "Go on."

"They were a peculiar family—"

proof, so nothing was done-"'Um! Very patural. How can there be easonable belief in crime, unless it is proven? 'Others were superstitious. They called it a judgment."
"But you have not named this crime, if it

"Murder!" whispered the old lady.
"'Sblood!" he exclaimed, for the third time, and much to the dislike of the nurse. But she

was not altogether unused to strong expres-sions, as will be shown shortly, hence it passed with less notice than might have been expected. "Really, madam," continued Varlan Crosier rapidly, and shrugging his shoulders, cheerful to be near frightened to death out in the storm, and then hear a tale of murder when one reaches shelter! Ugh! But, go on; I am anxious. What about the mystery of Willow

At that instant a face appeared at the win-

who were dozing with their heads on her knees. It was plainly visible to him, as he sat fronting in that direction, and he answered, by a nod, the quick sign of a waving hand, that shook beside the face which pressed the panes.

His worm-like brows knit in a momentary frown; but the movement and the frown were also unobserved by the woman, who happened just then to glance at the clock on the mantel-

"Elise De Martine," replied she, to Crosier's question, "had a lover."
"Oh, she had a lover! Then she was like

other women?" "This lover was not, according to the opinion of her parents, worthy of her."

"I am listening," with another hitch of the chair. He smoothed his pointed nose, angled his palms, and regarded her over the tips of his

white fingers.
"And there were many other good people who agreed with Wilse De Martine and wife; for, you must know, the lover of Elise was but a poor apothecary's clerk, while she,

the sweetheart, could count her thousands."
"Rich and beautiful!" commented he Who can blame the apothecary's clerk?whose name was-"Jules Willoughby."

"'Um! The interest increases. She eloped with him."

"They did not. It was their plan, but it was prevented by the sudden death of Elise De Martine.' 'Ah! she died. How unfortunate for the

hopes of Jules Willoughby."
"That is the question: did she die, or was she murdered?" "Oh, that is the rub, eh? What were the circumstances?"

It was arranged that she should retire at

the usual hour. At precisely three in the morning he would have a carriage at the roadside, to bear her away."

"Yes—' peculiar.' And the crime?"
"Some say it was crime, but there was no roof, so nothing was done—"
"'Um! Very patural. How can there had "No-no-" impatiently."
"Patent away.
"Romantic! away. "But she died during the night?" "Died or was murdered. She was found up-

n her couch next morning-a corpse. Ugh!" with a shudder. Again the face appeared at the window, and again Varlan Crosier replied to the motioning hand by a jerky nod. In his mind he mut-

tered: 'Sblood! He won't wait-the dog! He don't like the wetting. If he looks in again I shall make his bones rattle when I lay hold on im-ha! see him."

The face was there-a sickly face with wide yes; and Crosier glanced and frowned at it in manner that plainly meant:

Begone, or I'll strangle you sometime. Out of sight, you rascal." His look must have been understood, for the

bject vanished. "But hear the cause."

gaze, was first agreeable, then repellent, next have a specter-haunted ruins so close? What? dow, with two large staring eyes that fixed on indefinable, finally thoughtful. The index to Are you not afraid?—and on such a night? Crosier. But it was not seen by the nurse, be-open my ears," he exclaimed, a little wildly, as at the window.

his eyes wandered varyingly to the window in

a feeling of aunoyance.

"When they entered her apartment they saw a strange sight. She was straight and stiff on her back, and upon her breast was coiled a ser-

pent."

"A live serpent!" cried Varlan Crosier, in evident astonishment. "She was stung to death in her sleep by a snake!"

"Ah! that is the mystery. It was not alive; nor could it have been a snake at all, some said. No reptile like it had ever been seen in this country. It was horrible—its scales like shining silver; and when they undertook to sweep it from her body, with a stick, it crumbled away to nothing."

"Marvelous! A silver snake!" and he gasped like one overcome with amazement.

ed like one overcome with amazement.
"De Martine and his wife buried their child with much grief, and then went away. Ever since that time the estate has been idle, and ru-mor says that the ruins are haunted by the ghost of Elise De Martine. Nobody will go near it."

"Now can you tall me what become of Wilso

"Now can you tell me what became of Wilse De Martine, and his wife, Hortense? Where did they go to?"
"How did you know her name?" interrogat-

ed the nurse, sharply.

He was taken aback, but answered prompty, concealing his uneasiness at having spoken

too hastily.
"Did you not tell me yourself?"
"Not that I remember. I don't think I "You mentioned Wilse De Martine and his wife, Hortense, with their beautiful daughter, Elise— Look there!" He pointed toward the

doorway.

She looked in the direction indicated.
"What is it?"

"I thought I saw a man walk past there in bare feet." "That's hardly possible, sir. We've only one man about the premises—Thadlis, the stabler, and he's asleep in his loft, if there is sleep for him in such a blow."

"My mind, then," Crosier argued. "It is disturbed by this tale."

But Varlan Crosier had an object in drawing

the woman's attention to the door and the dark passage beyond. No sooner did she glance that way than he clenched one fist and shook it, with a gesture of fury, at the window behind her—at the face behind the window, for it was

wearing a beseeching expression.

"I shall dart after him presently!" he snarled, within, while his lips drew back, his whiskers stood out, his teeth grated, and his orbs

Then, when it was gone, and ere she disered nim: I want to know what became of the man and wife? Zounds! what became of Jules Willoughby, the apothecary's clerk?" They were never seen after leaving Willowold.

"Were not, eh?" twirling his whiskers to fine points as he eyed her.

"Jules Willoughby hasn't been heard of either. And now I think of it, the apothecary

who employed him closed his store and disappeared somewhere about the same date."
"Did you ever see these people?" asked Cro-

sier, now devoting both hands to one side of his whiskers, and twirling arduously on it, as he screwed up his mouth, elevated his brows, and gazed slantingly over one wrist.
"Well, no, not exactly. But I lived near by in the county, and heard so much that I'd know

them the minute I set eyes on them."
"Oh! you are sure of that?" shifting the working fingers to the hair on the opposite cheek, and crossing his limbs. "You could identify this Wilse De Martine and his wife if you met them? Good. Maybe you will see them one of these days." "I should not care to. If there's any truth

in rumor, he was a bad man."
"But you forgot to tell me something," Crosier suggested, reversing his crossed limbs and proceeding to crack his knuckles one by one. "You say that the beautiful Elise was rich?"

"Very, very rich. And it was all her own—money in bank, best of all, which was left by two grandfathers successively."
"Zounds! how convenient to boast of rich grandparents! But the point. If Elise De Martine was an heiress in her own right—and the died by the stiere of a grandparents."

Martine was an heiress in her own right—and she died by the sting of a serpent, which was no serpent, but a reptile of silver that crumbled at the touch of a stick—then where did her money go? Hey? Can you tell me that?"

"I never thought of it."

"Had she no one to leave her money to?" with a squirm in his seat.

"It seems to me the wills of both grandfathers constituted Wilse De Martine guardian of the funds, or something of that kind."

"Then he fell possessor of all?"

"It may be so."

"It may be so."
"'It may be so!'—'sblood! how else could it

be?" leaning forward with elbows on his knees, hands extended, and tapping the forefinger of one member on the palm of the other, emphasizingly. "It could not be otherwise. Everybody loves money—you do, I do, your stabler, those children, then why not Wilse de Martine and his wife? He must have loved money, and you tell me that he was a bad man. Was it not an object to obtain the wealth of Elise De. Martine? Might it not have been a fight between the father and the lover—this Jules Willoughby, the apothecary's clerk, in which Jules Willoughby lost the prize, and Elise lost

her life? Ha! curse that rascal!"

The demeanor of Varlan Crosier had altered wonderfully. He appeared to be excited in the subject of their conversation. His glittering eyes fired and danced; he slid forward to the extreme edge of the chair, half-glaring at the surprised nurse, and timing his rapid speech by the finger that tapped so rapidly on the palm.

As he uttered the closing exchanation, he sprung from the chair, and took three or four strides along the carpet, to hide the angry scowl occasioned by another sight of the face

ment, however, and said:
"Pardon. That tale of yours has affected me. I told you I was a coward in superstition. Let it rest. We'll speak of other matters. You see, I am thrown on your hospitality for the night. I have had a weary tramp. If you can spare me a room, I may thank you in the morning, when I will also see the master and mistress of the house—Colonel Paul Gregor, I heard you call him."

"He was colonel in the Regulars Vest of

course you can't go on in the storm. Shall I make you a cup of tea, sir?"

"No ten; I never drink it," somewhat short, and in that deep tone. "I have something ly, and in that deep tone. "I have something better in my valise, which I threw down at the porch. I'll get it."

He went out to the porch, where he had cast down a small valise before entering the house. Grasping up the article, he did not immediately

"Hist, there, captain !" called a low, squeaky

"Wynder, you dog!" he answered, advancing to the steps of the porch.
"Here I am, captain. Truly yours. Have some mercy; you don't know what a ducking."

"Worth Wynder, you are a fool!"
"I know that, captain," and a vivid lightning flash just then discovered this second personage making a bow with his words, a pantomime slightly ridiculous there in the pouring

'Why did you annoy me by looking through that window so often? I shall break your neck on some occasion when you anger me." Then I shall not be disappointed, for I am

Hush! Speak lower, rascal !"

"But I say, how long are you going to keep me here? It's devilish wet. I've been twice to the flask in your valise, but it don't make me the more waterproof."

Varian Crosier heard the nurse speaking to

"Wait a minute, dears, while I go with this gentleman and show him a bed. I'll be back

Wynder, your ear-quick! Follow the light as it goes up stairs. You can tell my room by the rays from the window. Be beneath with your ladder, and all will go well. Fail

me, and I'll—
"Depend upon me, captain. I'll follow the interrupted the figure. Crosier rejoined the woman, and was conducted to a comfortable apartment in the second

story of the house. He thanked her, bade her good-night, and was alone.

As she returned to the children, she thought

she heard some one laugh—then a whistle, then a sound like the murmur of voices. But she attributed it to fancy, and seated herself once more near the hearth, on which blazed and crackled a fresh log.

"Are you going to sit up for papa and mamma?" asked the boy.
"Yes, child. If they come home to-night they'll want a bite and a sup. The storm's

going down now, and maybe they'll be here. What was that?"

With the last words she started and gazed suspiciously toward the murky hallway. She heard a noise resembling the fall of a windowsash-and again that mysterious murmur, pre sently followed by a draught of air that smelled of the cold and damp of the night.

She arcse, took up the lamp, went to the door, and stood for a few seconds in a listen-

ing attitude.
"Only the wind beneath the door," she thought; only the gale in the trees, and the rumble of the thunder. I feel strangely, though; as if all wasn't right. That man did not wear a pleasant face; it reminded me of the snake, the fox, and the wolf—all in one. I hope he means no harm. It is possible, Pshaw! am I growing foolish? Mary Dyle the children: "Do you want to go to bed, "Not till papa and mamma come," they an-

'Come, lay your heads in my lap, then, and

The knitting needles plied their task, and a

drowsy atmosphere settled round them.

The children reposed calmly. The tempest was lulling; the thunder rolled gradually further off, and its hoarse, dull booming did not break the awesome spell that drew over them.

CHAPTER II.

THE STRUGGLE ON THE ROAD. VARLAN CROSIER was not the only one who had been overtaken by the torrent of the

About two miles up the road-whirling through the rivers of mud, reckless of danger in the almost impenetrable blackness—a buggy was coming, at a furious rate; horse-hoofs cla tering in and flinging the slush, and the animals flying like white specters in the tempest.

Inside the buggy, behind a high drawn water-dash, which hardly shielded them from the pelting rain, sat a lady and gentleman, rigid, silent, intent upon their speed and the desired to receive the constitution of the constituti desire to gain shelter. Over the top of the dash he used the slender carriage-whip, whenever the lightning illumined their surrounding and the occasional glares were his only opportunity for seeing his course in advance.

But the flaming skies, nor the belching thunder, nor the roar of rain and wind, were not the sole absorbers of the man's mind; neither did the form of the woman-as it shrunk in terrified embrace to him-seem to enlist his There were thoughts in his brain that burned and worried him much, which will be developed in due time.

On, on they went. At the end of a mile, the road ran beneath a dome of verdure—trees that bordered the side with high branches locked and interlaced in luxury, rendering more chaotic, if possible, the inkiness of the night.

Faster they sped. Again the whip stretched out, and snapped on the backs of the beasts; and tighter clung the lady round his neck.

"Unloose me," he snarled, with an effort to

Oh, Paul ! Paul ! it is terrible. I shall die

Hands off, I say! How can I drive with a frightened woman hanging and whining on my neck Ha! that was a bright flash!"

The lady screamed, as a blinding light played about them, followed quickly by a peal of deafening thunder—like a cannon report, or the clash of a thousand cymbals in their ears. Curse the horses! Why don't they get

His companion trembled he could feel her shivering as with an ague. Though the horses were goaded and galloping like runaway steeds he cursed their slowness, and plied the whip vigorously, while those burning thoughts grew hotter and hotter in his brain.

A quarter of a mile-half a mile-on, on at that fearful pace; a pace more hazardous than the peril from lightning or toppling trees. by! Timbers were falling in the woody depths; knife!"
they could hear the crunch of splintered boughs they could hear the crunch of splintered boughs He caught the weapon by the hilt, as it tically. "I never saw you act better than you her eyes flashed. The man was Neil Jemmi-amid the surge of elements; they knew not at pricked him again, and wrenched it away. did to-night. We'll get 'em to-morrow night.

Suddenly the man, who was watching keenly

shed to avail himself of the brief lightning flares, uttered a whining curse. He took a flerce turn on the reins, and held back with all his strength, sawing on the bits.

"What is it, Paul? What is the matter?"

"The horses won't stop! We—shall be dashed—to pieces! Watch for the lightning;

"He was colonel in the Regulars. Yes; of then look. See!"

He pulled and strained on the reins, gasping the words with a difficult breath. There was a fresh danger at their front—a tree that lay the shadowy pile reared. directly in their path, the shadowy pile reared and defined anon, on the faint, far opening of the aisle. His alert eyes had caught a glimps of it: a monstrous barrier, toward which the were running with ungovernable velocity, and on which they would be thrown, with disastrous consequences, unless they halted at once, which seemed impossible.

"What is that, Paul? Stop!—stop! we are riding into it!" she panted, in alarm.
"Stop!— yes. Perdition! I cannot stop.

"Stop! — yes. Perdition! I cannot stop They are mad, and running away with us Ha! we are on it! Perhaps we shall be killed—" He cut short his speech by a curlling He cut short his speech by a curdling oath: the woman uttered a loud, chilling

Into the debris, over trunk and boughs, and amid the leaves they went-horses, buggy, occupants, all in a mass of confusion and horror tumbling, crashing, struggling among tangled traces, twisted harness, shattered wheels, and iron hoofs kicking, pawing, tearing desperately.

The heavens lit up at the moment of the catastrophe, unmasking a blood-chilling spec-

But it was past in a second. The beasts, af-frighted by the accident, stood quivering like the leaves that swayed in the tempest; a of the maze of destruction crawled a bruised

and bleeding figure.

"Amelia," cried the voice of the man, as he staggered to his feet and clutched the side of the overturned buggy: "Amelia, I say! Ha,

there!—speak. Are you hurt?"
"Paul. Where are you, Paul?" came a wail in answer, half drowned by the storm, and is uing from underneath the buggy top.
"Here! Then you are not dead."

"Alive yet, Heaven be praised! But I am helpless. Get me out, Paul—get me out. I am wedged in and smothering. Quick!"

"Patience! I must extreate the horses before I considered. fore I can aid you; if they move so much as a muscle, it is your doom. How passive they are. You are lucky."

'Oh, Paul, I shall die in here! Make haste.'

"Courage, I am coming." He led out the frightened brutes from their uncomfortable positions, after much trouble, and being compelled to unbuckle the harness ing. It was a task occupying some time; and while he was thus engaged, the woman called ontinually for help and bewailed the situation vexing him with her impatient cries, which rose above the din of the thunder, the whistle of the gale, and the heavy patter of rain from the dome of trees.

"Silence, there!" he screamed. "I am hasten

ing all I can. There is noise enough without your squalls. I think the storm is slacking."
"Paul! Paul! how much longer? You are merciless!

"Perdition, woman! be still."
"But I shall smother to death!"

"And I cannot prevent it. Wait till I get this fellow out"—working and tugging with is head dangerously near the iron heels. What an infernal mess it is! So. Now, then,

Come quick, Paul. Oh! that terrible We'll find it welcome enough to pick our own way home by. Curse this accident

"How are we to go on, Paul? We are completely wrecked." "With our feet. How else-unless you can Patience."

He had his shoulder to one of the wheels, and was raising the light vehicle with his enorous strength. "Now, where are you?" he demanded, when

an opening was effected.

Her voice was silenced. He heard a low roan, and then there was stillness in the depth

Perdition! She has fainted!" He stretched in and grasped the motionless form, drawing it clear of the heap. It was a

heavy burden. She had swooned, perhaps in her fright, perhaps in the pain of some injury. "Ha! as I thought. Rouse up here. Be

alive. How are you hurt?"
But there was no reply. Snarling a savage oath, he dragged her to one side, holding her face up to the wash of the rain. It will revive her. Maledictions on this

predicament! Is she dead?—no, her heart flutters. Amelia! Rouse, I say! What a time for fainting! Do you hear me? It is I, Paul Gregor, your husband. Will you never come to yourself? Not dead, but badly scared.

Ere he finished he started back with a cry of mingled surprise and fear. A heavy hand fell on him, the fingers of which twined in his collar, and the gripe of which was fierce and vise-

He was attacked, but he could not see the foe. Darkness was all; and an invisible enemy grappling at his throat.

"Ho, there! Villain! Highwayman! hands off! What's this? Curse you! Ha!"
'I have you at last—murderer!" rung an

'Ay, Jules Willoughby !" echoed the foe, twining round him. "Let go, I say, or I'll be your death ! Villain, take that!

Colonel Paul Gregor was a powerful man and not a coward. The unexpected assaul startled him at first, but, in the brief momen of dialogue in which he recognized and hal looed the name of Jules Willoughby, the object of whose assault was evident—he braced him self sternly and with prompt action. The form of the woman slid from his arms to the ground he groped quickly outward and fastened on his unseen adversary. Simultaneously, he felt a sharp agony in the shoulder, and knew, by the cold sensation accompanying it, that he had been struck with a knife

Were it not for the darkness, the blow might have been truer. The wound smarted and angered him, but was not fatal.

"Assassin! you have stabbed me. Take that from me, Jules Willoughby!" With one hand he clung to his antagonist, with the other, clenched to a fist of bony knobs, he hammered on the head he could not see And struggling, coiling, slipping, hither went the combatants—one intent upon destroying. and one nerved by the effort at self-preserva tion, stimulated by the fire of hatred, surprise,

fear, and a knowledge of the actual peril.
"This time, I shall kill you, Jules Willough You escaped, did you? Ha! curse that a chair.

riven and cast upon them, to crush, mutilate himself and darted out of reach.

"Paul! Paul! where are you?" screamed the woman, who was just recovering.

He was bounding in pursuit, but checked

mself, and hurried to her side. "So you are awake at last?"
"What does this mean? Did I swoon?

Where have you been?" "You swooned; and I have had a combat," growled he, feeling for her and assisting her to

"A combat, Paul? With what?—with whom ?"

"I was attacked by a rufflan—"
"And left me lying in the filth?"
"Perdition! was I to hold you, and be assassinated meantime? You are too choice. Hark ye: I have had a wrestle with—who do you

"How can I guess!"
"With Jules Willoughby!" He announced it with a shiver.

"Jules Willoughby!" she exclaimed. "No! Impossible! He is dead!" and but for the murk that shrouded them, her white face might have been seen to grow still whiter. There were lines of dread about her mouth, and a restless stare in her eyes, which told that she, as well as Colonel Paul Gregor, was preyed upon by the presence of Jules Willoughbyspoken of as an apothecary's clerk, and the former lover of deceased Elise De Martine, in our previous chapter.

Showing that there was something between Colonel Gregor and his wife and Jules Willoughby—something which alarmed them in connection with his unexpected appearance, or, rather, his presence without his appearance, and the significance of his attacking them under cover of the storm.

"Jules Willoughby is not dead—a thousand anathemas on him!" declared Colonel Paul Gregor, gritting his teeth. "He is alive. I ought with him, and have the marks of his knife in my shoulder, this minute. Ha! did you hear?"

It was a shout from the defeated assailer. It penetrated to their ears as if coming from a great distance; but it was distinct, piercing, hreatening, and the words of the shout were:
"Beware, murderer! Beware! You are not

"Do you hear that?" cried Gregor; "are you satisfied? Do you know the voice? Devils!—did you ever hear those very words before—'Beware, murderer! Beware!"

"It is Jules Willoughby!" she gasped.
"It will go, of or will be the same of t

He worked his fingers round her wrist in a sainful hold, and leaned down to try and see ne face that was blanched, now, by a fear more nawing than the terrors of the storm. "Yes, it is he. He calls me murderer now

as he did then—ten years ago; when instead of murder, we saved a life. How did he escape the power of Alick Cassin? Curse Alick Casthe power of Alick Cassin? Calso Alick Cassin! But, we'll answer this question and attend to Jules Willoughby, at another time. We are standing in the rain, like a pair of fools. Can you lead a horse? Then gripe this fools. Can you lead a horse? Then gripe this bridle and come on. I must have one arm free, to be ready for the villain. He may try it again; and my pistols are unfortunately wet. Come, now.

Making their way around the fallen tree, they plodded through the mud, each leading a horse. Twice and thrice Paul Gregor fancied some one skulking at his side, and he clenched his fist and ground his teeth together in desperate expectancy of another knife-thrust, or blow from a club, or sting of a bullet from an unseen source.

"Curse Jules Willoughby!" he blurtedand here he struck out furiously in the darkness, under the impulse of feeling that the object of his dread was there; "Curse Alick Cassin for his botchery!"—as his sweeping arm clove only the empty air; "Keep up there, Amelia. We shall be in a house, presently, and out of this slush. I am soaked to the skin.

The regress, miss bestand proceeded to discontinuous possible and proceeded to discontinuous possible and proceeded to discontinuous proceeded to discontinuous possible and p The storm is abating, I think. It grows less gloomy. There's a full moon on the other side those clouds; I wish it would show itself. Hal what shape was that"—recoiling abruptly, and jerking the horse's head; then, proceeding orward once more: "Come on, Amelia, I say.

Sten faster." 'I am coming," responded the woman, inirmly. "But may it not be a mistake, Paul? and we are uselessly frightened by a voice that, only by chance, resembles the voice of Jules Willoughby."

"Mistake? No, there is no mistake. His words have rung in my ears for ten years. Beware, murderer! Beware! Perdition! It was he. Hasten. We are most there. Yonder is our light-two lights: one up-stairs, and one down. Mary is putting the children to

The glimmer from a window in the second story was the raying of the lamp which the nurse had given to Varlan Crosier.

As Colonel Paul Gregor fixed his gaze on the vindow he perceived that the light suddenly vanished, as if blown completely out - was gone a second—then reappeared. In the same moment, with like mysterious distinctness, the light on the first story also dimmed—then burned brilliantly. It was as if both lamps had been extinguished and relighted quickly, by a novement in concert, by some one below and ome one above, the meaning of which was, at ast, singular, if not an apparent signal for "Perdition! What can that mean?"

vondered. "Those lights act strangely. Mary can not be up and down stairs in the same breath; and if the children are playing with the lamp, we shall have our house burned edged voice in the wind.

"Perdition! I know you, Jules Willough-Did you see that? The devil both lights They went out together! Faster, Amelia.

No lights shone at all now; and with his wonderment increasing, he quickened his footsteps.

Gentleman George:

PARLOR, PRISON, STAGE AND STREET. A STRANGE ROMANGE OF NEW YORK LIFE. BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE-MAN-FROM-TEXAS," "MAD DETECTIVE,"
"ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB," "WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED MAZEPPA," "ACE OF
SPACES," "HEART OF FIRE," ETC. CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SUPPER.

As the curtain touched the stage and the actress rose from the mimic couch of death. whereon the Indian girl had yielded up her life to the deadly bullet of the Spanish comman dante, she found Medham awaiting her at the

He followed the exhausted girl to her dressng-room where the negress was in attendance. Miss Desmond sunk down breathlessly into

" Splendid !" exclaimed Medham, enthusias-

He recovered himself in the passage of a mo- what moment some massive trunk might be At the same time, this savage foe released I wouldn't take fifteen hundred dollars cash down for the house this minute. Don't you're member, I told you when you were playing in those beastly little one-horse towns, to fifty dol-lars a night, that the time would come when we'd pull 'em to the tune of a thousand? after this engagement we can sweep the whole country, my dear; these donkeys of managers will change their note now. I tell you what it is, loveliest of your sex, there's nothing in this

world so successful as success." "Oh, I am tired," the actress murmured, as she removed the raven wig from her head, ex-

posing her own golden tresses.
"Palmer is delighted; he declared that business will be still better next week. He's going to put out two thousand extra sheets of printing Saturday night, and I've engaged three men to go and chalk your name on the pavements all over the city, so that when New York wakes up Sunday morning it will see nothing but the

name Desmond staring them in the face.' The lip of the actress curled in contempt. If I am as talented and attractive as they say I am, I do not see why the people will not come to see me without all this advertising." "You've got to do it, my dear; you can't hide your light under a bushel, now-a-days, and

expect people to see it. Placard on every dead wall, and in every newspaper, that Miss Ellen Desmond is the greatest actress that ever was or ever will be, and two-thirds of the people who come into the theater, and pay for coming, will be perfectly satisfied that she is, be ore the curtain goes up and they see her at all. The people who pay come to be amused, and it doesn't take much to please them, either; and as for the critics, they are a set of donkeys who

wouldn't know good acting if they saw it."

Miss Desmond laughed; she knew the busiiess manager's contempt for the men whom he o cleverly used to advance his own interests.
"Well, I'll say what I came to say, and then
yet out and let you dress," continued Medham. Mr. Palmer presents his compliments to you and would like to have the pleasure of your company at a little supper as soon as you are ready; and he would like also to present to you an esteemed friend of his, Judge Bruyn, if

you have no objections."
The eyes of the actress flashed, and the hot breath came quick and strong from the parted

ps. "The Judge will make one of the party, "Yes; there will only be Palmer, the Judge,

'I will go, of course!" she exclaimed, with quick decision.
"I tell you it's a clear case," and Medham winked at the actress. "If you play your cards well, it will be the most successful engagement

of your life.' Do you think so?" Absently she spoke, and the fair brow was douded over with thought.

Little did the business agent, Almer Med-ham, know in regard to the past life of the ac-

"I'll tell Palmer that you will come as soon as you are dressed. Do you want the carriage to go home in? You can have it as well as mot?"

Medham addressed the negress. "No, t'ank you, Mussa Medham; I'd rather walk," the servant replied.
"All right; I'll send the carriage off, then.

The Judge has his own vehicle outside, two stunning blacks, gold-mounted harness, and all that sort of thing. I'll tell Palmer that you'll go and then come back after you."

Medham withdrew. With the assistance of the negress, Miss Desmond proceeded to dis-card her fanciful Indian dress and array her-

he two proce deserted theater to the front of the house

where the manager and the Judge were waiting in the vestibule. With the urbane gallantry so characteristic of him, the manager introduced the actress to

Judge Bruyn. Modestly, with quiet retirement, Miss Desmond acknowledged the Judge's expressions of leasure at making her acquaintance.

And as the little party passed from the ves-tibule of the theater to the carriage in waitng, at the curbstone, the Judge got a go ook at the features of the actress. If Miss Desmond had appeared beautiful on the stage amid the glare of the gas and the illusion of th surroundings, she looked fully as pretty in the lim light shining from the gas-lamps of the and clad as she was now in a simple walking-dress, unrelieved even by a single

lare of color. Only a few words of conversation were ex-changed during the short ride to the famous estaurant.

But at the Maison Doree, in a private room, with a delightful supper spread upon the table and the sparkling champagne passing freely the ice of reserve soon melted away, and the conversation became general.

The actress, modest and retiring in her man ner, charmed the Judge fully as much with her remarks as with her beauty. Wit and good sense were skillfully blended in the Miss Desmond's conversation. Bruyn felt that he was becoming deeply in-

erested in the beautiful girl; there was a fascination about her which he could not under-As he looked back over the record of his life he could not remember to have ever met a more charming woman.

And yet, strange to say, at the very moment that he was most enjoying the society of the beautiful and sensible girl, there came over him a peculiar sort of feeling; he could not understand it, could not explain it; could as sign no reason for its coming, no reason for its stay. It was like a nervous sort of apprehension-not exactly of danger: in fact, he could not tell what he apprehended, and finally he made up his mind that he was jealous—jealous that any one else might attempt to claim the thoughts of the fair woman, whose face seemed like a truthful crystal mirror whereon faith and goodness alone could shine.

An hour of mirth and social chat, and the supper was ended.

As the party rose to depart, the Judge gallantly assisted Miss Desmond to don the ligh sack which she wore, and trusted that it would not be the last time that he should have the pleasure of meeting her.
With great modesty, Miss Desmond thanked
the Judge for his kindness, whispered how

grateful she was for his kindly words, but said no more. Bruyn was disappointed; he expected that

the actress would have invited him to call. Again he felt the strange sensation creep over him, and this time he was sure that it was As the party crossed the sidewalk to enter

the carriage again, a man stalked so near the actress that he could have touched her.

The face of Miss Desmond turned pale, and CHAPTER XIX. IN THE TOMBS.

LEGAL business took Judge Bruyn down to the Tombs prison on the next morning after the supper with Miss Desmond the actress.

The Judge saw the party whom he had come to visit, and held a long conversation with him. It was a ward-gang leader who had got into the stern clutches of the law for a little playfulness with a stranger, passing by night through the "stamping-grounds" of the aforesaid politician. The result of the interview between Tim Driscol—the ward leader—and the guileless man from New Jersey, was that the stranger lost his watch and pocket-book, and got a choking which foreight conveyed to him. got a choking which forcibly conveyed to him

an idea of what strangulation consisted. Tim, retreating in triumph with the spoils of war, had been unfortunate enough to run into the arms of a policeman, and that blue-coated worthy had conveyed the valiant Tim to the Tombs, not without a struggle on the part of the 'ward light,' though, as the uniform of the policeman, and a chawed-up finger could testify; but a free use of the locust club had soon taken the fight out of Tim, and he had been run into the Tombs in an extremely demoralized manner.

Tim had sent instantly for Judge Bruyn. He had some little claim on the Judge for services rendered on election day.

The Judge had listened to Tim's story and had quietly informed him, after he had got through, that he thought the chances were just about a hundred to one that he would have a chance to do the State some service at

Tim listened in holy horror, and his short thick hair almost stood upright at the Judge's

"Sure, Judge, dear, ye won't be after lettin' em sind me up the river?" he exclaimed. "Why, Judge, don't ye remember your last lection? I was worth two hundred votes to ees, in one ward, that day!"

"I am not on the bench now, Tim, and you don't seem to understand that things are changed from what they were." "Sure, you kin bail me out, Judge—get some of the byes to go me security, an' then I'll hop the bond," Tim cried, anxiously.

"Can't be done, Tim," the Judge announced, decidedly; "can't run in straw-bail as in the old time. I don't think they will admit you to bail at all. They won't, if the man you went through appears to prosecute you."

"Oh, the unbung villain!" exclaimed Tim, in righteous judgenations. "sure I only cheked

n righteous indignation; "sure, I only choked im till he was black in the face. Bedad! he ouldn't make more fuss about it if I had kilt im outright!"

"The only way to do is to hire this fellow not to prosecute; but then there's the assault

"The murdering thafe!" exclaimed Tim; sure, if it hadn't 'a' bin that he hit me fore-ninst the nose wid his club, I'd have bate the livil out of him." "The district attorney may take it into his nead to make an example of you," the Judge

"But, Judge, dear, you can run me out of it," the ruffian persisted, persuasively. "Get me out, Judge, and I'll do any thing you pl'ase for you, from stuffin' a ballot-box to italia's man. Sure we know we might have stickin' a man. Sure, ye know, ye might have in inimy wan of these days, an' it would be mighty handy to have a dacint bye like meself

o bate him for you."
"Well, Tim, if I can do any thing for you, I'll do it for the old time, not for favors to come, although I'll bear in mind what you've

"You know I'll live up to it, Judge," the rough said. "I'm a man of me word; divil a nan breathes that I iver promised a b'ating to that he didn't get it, unless maybe he gave the b'ating to me," added truthful Tim, thought-

fully. "Who saw your fight with the officer?" "A whole crowd, an' there wasn't a mo-her's son of 'em had the dare to give the con' a whack in the back for me," asserted "I suppose that you can bring plenty of witnesses to swear that the officer struck you

irst and that you were only defending your-elf against his attacks?" ventured the wily "Troth an' I can !" replied Tim, promptly. "I can give you the names of twenty byes that will swear to any thing you like, provided

hat you tell them beforehand what you want hem to swear to." "We can arrange that all right," the Judge said, thoughtfully. "I guess we can get at the Jerseyman and buy him off. If he does not appear to prosecute, by bringing a cloud of witnesses we may be able to lighten up the charge of assaulting the officer. By the way, who got the worst of the affair?"

"Sure, an' I did," said the ruffian, ruefully; "the divil of a p'liceman used the club on me.

It's black an' blue I am from the crown of me read to the sole of me fut. I only tore his clothes; I was drunk at the time, or I would have warmed him so that his own sergeant wouldn't have known him—the murderin'

"You had better let the police alone in fu-ture," the Judge suggested, dryly, and with a rewd smile.

"Faith an' I will," returned the rough, promptly; "the next time, I'll lay for 'em benind a corner, wid a thunderin' big brick in me "Of course you understand that I can not ppear in your case in person, at all, but I will see that you have a good lawyer, and I'll have the witnesses come to my office and ask them a few questions, about what they know of the

they'll say yes to every one. It's familiar with courts they are; sorra a wan of them that hasn't been on trial a dozen times at laste. Sure, if I nadn't ran into the arms of the peeler, bein blind drunk as I was, all the byes would have sworn that I wasn't there at all, at all." "I'll do what I can for you," the Judge said, rising. "I guess we can pull you through."
"They've set the trial for to-morrow, Judge;

"Put the question the right way, Judge, an'

it's to railroad me into State Prison, bad 'cess "We'll try and switch you off on another

track," replied Judge Bruyn, with a grim smile. "Keep a still tongue in your head." And with this parting admonition the lawyer left the cell.

As he walked along the corridor, he happen-

ed to glance down to the open space below, and saw a female form, clad in a dark walking-suit, passing across the courtyard.

The Judge recognized the woman in an instant. It was Miss Ellen Desmond, the actress,

Bending over the railing, the Judge saw that she was alone, and from the direction in which

she was going, guessed that she was about to leave the building.

What could bring the young and pretty actress to the Tombs? Not curiosity, surely, for in that case she would be attended by an escort. At the head of the stairway, Bruyn met the

with whom he had supped on the previous

warden of the prison. Returning his salute

BARUROUN PURCH ROUNDINGUES -ESSA-

tion, the Judge proceeded to inquire regarding Miss Desmond.

"The lady in a dark walking-suit, with blonde hair? Ah, yes! I know her," the warden answered; "she is an actress, Miss Desmond, playing at Niblo's Garden now." "Yes, I recognized her, and was somewhat

astonished at seeing her here." "She comes to see one of the prisoners."
"Indeed!" The Judge was again aston-

Yes, George Dominick-Gentleman George. "Never heard of him."

"It's the first time that he has ever been ar rested. He's an old offender though; bank-robber; a handsome, dashy fellow, perfect gentleman in appearance."
"Did he send for Miss Desmond?"

"Yes; we only got him night before last; he's got an ugly wound in the shoulder. He sent a note to Miss Desmond, this morning, and in two hours after she was here."

"That's rather strange!" "Oh, no; he's a handsome fellow, and she probably don't know what a scamp he is. The warden passed on, leaving Bruyn white with rage and jealousy.

CHAPTER XX. GEORGE'S VISITOR.

A NARROW prison-cell held Gentleman George within its confines, scantily furnished but scrupulously clean.

George lay extended upon the narrow bed. His eyes were closed as if in sleep, but the convulsive movement of the muscles of the mouth told that he was not in the embrace of the drowsy god, but wide awake and muttering to himself.
"Will she come?"

Thrice at least he put the question at inter-

It was the same old story-old since the world was young. The eastern king who claimed that a woman was at the bottom of all mischief in this world, was not so far wrong, after all.

"She must come!" he declaimed, with fierce and fiery utterance, opening his eyes suddenly and staring wildly around him as though he expected to see the face of the woman of whom he spoke, gazing at him from some dark corner of the prison-cell. "She will not dare to refuse to come," he muttered, defiantly, after quite a long pause. "She is bold and reckless enough, but she will not dare to provoke me. She knows me too well, and she has a wholesome dread of my weath avaning as a wholesome dread of my wrath, cunning and desperate as she is. Let me see," and then the prisoner pulled the ends of his long, blonde mustache in a thoughtful manner. "She will retache in a thoughtful manner. "She will receive my note by noon, then it will take her an hour or so to reflect whether to obey or not. She will think the matter over, see that the consequences attending a refusal may be very unpleasant, and decide that it is better to be my friend than to provoke my enmity, and then will come; so I may expect her about three or four o'clock this afternoon." And, with this conclusion, Gentleman George turned

The imprisoned man was lying on the outside of the bed, fully dressed, with the exception of his coat which lay on the little stool at the head of the bed. As he turned upon the bed, he felt a sudden, sharp twinge of pain shoot through his shoulder, and was thus abruptly reminded of his wound.

"Curse the scratch!" he muttered, fretfully;

"I wish that I knew the name of that doctor that Hero brought the other night. The fellow had a touch as light as a feather. If I knew where he could be found I would send for him to attend to this matter. I hate the very sight

of these police surgeons."
And then, speaking the name of his wife,

brought up a new chain of ideas.

"It would be cursed awkward if Hero and this woman should meet!" he said, musingly; "it would be apt to put me in a precious hobmake a terrible row, and as for the other one she would only be too glad of an excuse to throw me. I must take care that neither one surprises the other here. By Jove! between two women, I should suffer. Hero already has a suspicion that she has a rival, and I must be careful that she does not succeed in proving the suspicion to be truth.

The entrance of one of the prison officials interrupted the meditations of the prisoner. "A lady wishes to see you, Mr. Dominick," the man announced.

The heart of Gentleman George gave a great His message had been promptly an-"What sort of a looking woman is she?" he

asked, in quite a careless manner as if it was but an indifferent matter. ther smallish in size, light hair."

"Well, I suppose that I may as well see er," Dominick said, rising to a sitting posture, perfectly satisfied that the visitor was the one he had expected. "Let her come up then?" the official ques-

"Yes; and, by the way, if it is not asking too much, can you arrange it so that if any one else should come to see me while the lady is here, they will not come up until she is gone "Oh, certainly," the officer replied; "that is uple enough. I will leave word down-stairs simple enough. that you are engaged for the present and do not wish to be disturbed."

"Thanks; I shall be very much obliged if you will have the kindness to do so; and if my lawyer should happen to come-I don't expec him until one or two o'clock though-tell him that I shall not be engaged long, and request

"All right; what lawyer is it?"
"Counselor Watt."

"The 'Three-decker?' I know him. I'll attend to it for you." And with this assurance the official withdrew.

"Aha!" cried Gentleman George, gleefully, as the cell door closed after the officer; "there's no chain in the world so strong as fear; boasted love is a silken thread compared to it. Her prompt compliance with my request proves still possess my old power over her.

Within a minute, the prison official ret rned, accompanied by Ellen Desmond, the actress. The officer politely conducted the lady into the cell and then withdrew. Miss Desmond was dressed very plainly, as

indeed was usual with her, but the dark dress only seemed to enhance her wondrous beauty. She stood just within the cell, looking at the man whom she had come to visit with face that was as expressionless as a waxen

George rose gallantly from the bed and advanced to her with outstretched hand.
"You are very prompt indeed?" he exclaim-

ed, as he took the thin, white hand within his own; "permit me to thank you for your kind-

The cold hand that he clasped so tightly seemed like a nerveless piece of flesh rather than the hand of a fresh, young woman.

"My furniture is rather scanty here," he continued, with a glance around at the narrow prison cell, "but it is the fashion of this hotel. You have your choice between the bed and the chridge. He jumped up and spoke, in a grave stool for a seat; which will you have?"

"The side of the bed will do," she said, coldly and quietly.

George retreated backward a few steps, and

Miss Desmond, without further remark, seated herself upon the foot of the low bed. Then George brought the stool and sat down by her

"Here at your feet, as in the old time," he said, with a tender expression in his voice; a trick which was utterly lost upon the cold and unimpressible Miss Desmond, as she only curled her lip and looked at him in the most disdainful manner. George watched her for a moment and then

burst into a loud laugh.
"Sentiment is thrown away upon you, eh?"

"Yes," she replied, cold as an iceberg; "I should think that you would know me better than to attempt to treat me as a child or a sentimental school-girl." "You do not believe in the 'old time,"

"No; what is past, is past; let it rest," she

"It was pleasant though," he said, reflect ively. "The end was not pleasant," she retorted

The prisoner looked at her curiously for a

"That remark, I suppose, was not intended to be complimentary to me," was the prisoner's alf-serious remark. Miss Desmond looked the prisoner straight in the eyes, her face a face of wax as far as any expression was concerned, but she did not

Am I right in my conjecture?" he asked. "I should think that your own heart would be able to auswer that question without the necessity of referring to me," she replied, very

coolly and very calmly.

"And you have not the highest possible opinion of me?" he continued.

"You are quite right in that," was the calm "And yet you came promptly at my re

quest."
"Because I am willing to forget the wrong you have done me, and desire to aid you if I

"And that is the reason, eh?" George said, a peculiar expression upon his face. Yes, what other reason should there be?" she demanded, her manner a decided contrast to what it had been.

"I'll tell you what the other reason is," he returned, his bold, blue eyes fixed searchingly on the face of the woman. "You are afraid that I shall publish to the world the relation ship that existed between Miss Ellen Desmond popular actress, who is nightly filling one of the largest theaters in the country with an overcrowded audience, that goes away raving of the youth, beauty and talent that they have seen, and George Dominick, better known to police officials as Gentleman George, the bank robber, confidence - man and thorough-pacec scoundrel—the man who lives by his wits and trades on the weakness of human nature, who believes that 'property is robbery,' and acts on that motto."

(To be continued - Commenced in No. 196.)

NADIA,

THE RUSSIAN SPY The Brothers of the Starry Cross.

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER, AUTHOR OF "THE RED RAJAH" "THE BEA OAT," "THE ROCK RIDER," "DOUBLE-DEATH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXX. THE PRISONER.

THE Highland piper, from his lengthy, brawny frame, was a swift and powerful swimmer. Moreover, his bare legs gave him a great dvantage over a swimmer incumbered with a nussar's equipment.

In twenty strokes he was alongside of the other, had seized him by the pelisse, and "had his grup on him," as he phrased it.

That once accomplished the other struggled no more. Indeed it turned out that he was

mere child in the grasp of the stout piper. He submitted in perfect silence, when Sandy drew his dirk and hissed out:

Not a word, or I'se slit yer wame, mon." Then the Highlander dropped his feet to the ound, and dragged his passive and silent risoner to the bank

There he looked up, for the first time, and ound that the current had carried them both under the dark arch of the bridge, on which he Sandy McPherson halted by the abutment

and listened. The two vedettes on the bridge were talking to each other, and he fancied they night have heard the splashing in the stream. He held the point of the dirk to the throat of his prisoner, with a significant pressure of nis other hand on the latter's shoulder, and continued to listen.

A stir in the grass beside him, and a low groun, showed him the whereabouts of his late lossack prisoner, and the piper made but one step forward, dragging the supposed Hussar of-ficer with him. Then he set his huge foot on ficer with him. Then he set his huge foot on the Cossack's throat, and gave it a very signifi-

The hint sufficed. The Cossack lay still.

At that moment the rumbling of guns comnenced once more, and the rapid click of hoofs unnounced that more cavalry was trotting lown to the bridge. Sandy dragged his second prisoner away

covered by the noise, and hurried up the bank to where he had left Pichot. He found the latter standing by a fallen

'Coom, mon, we maun be ganging," he said, a low voice. "The enemy are advancing, in a low voice. "The end and we'll ha'e to rin hame." The Zouave made no objection, and taking

their silent prisoner between them, the two comrades started up the hill at a rapid pace. They were comparatively careless about noise now, for the rumble of artillery and the mur mur of troops was so great and near by that it drowned their rustling in the bushes.

In ten minutes' hard climbing they had reached the top of the bank, and stopped to rest. Below them they could distinctly hear the orders and counter-orders, that told of ome movement going on in the valley of the

Cchernaya. Horses were galloping to and fro on the further bank, guns rumbling along, and the stamping of animals here and there, with the sudden cessation of rumble in places, and the

whole story.

Presently the rumbling ceased, and Sandy whispered:
"They ha'e gane into battery, Peesho. What d'ye mak' o' that?"

Pichot threw himself on his face at the edge of the cliff, and listened. The dull murmur of voices was almost hushed, but he could hear a muffled trampling of feet on the hollow stone

aloud: "Nadia is here, and will soon be on her way to you. Beware of Gorloff. I killed one of his spies yesterday, looking over my desk. He has found out that I send you the news. I bury the station

The comrades again stole away to return to camp; and as they left the vicinity of the valley, so did the murmur die away. When they had gone a quarter of a mile it was inaudible, and a stillness, as of death, had settled over the

Inkerman Plateau.

The three continued their way toward what they thought was the direction of the English lines; but the fog was so dense, and the night so dark, in spite of a faint moon in her last quarter; that it was the merest guess-work.

They walked on for nearly an hour, their prisoner being still silent, till Sandy of a sudden put out his foot and stumbled forward, disappearing headlang down a declinity.

appearing headlong down a declivity. came down on hands and knees, grasping at

bushes and tufts of grass in vain.

He was on the side of a steep declivity, and could not stop his course, rolling over and over down a rugged slope, till he came souse into a deep pool of water at the bottom, out of which deep pool of water at the bottom, out of which he swam at last, a sadder and a wetter man, to find himself in an unknown country, where towering hills were all round him, except on church. one side, where a grassy plain stretched toward

Sandy McPherson had fallen over the edge of the Inkerman cliffs, where they ran into the Sapounye Ridge, and had been lucky enough to save his neck and tumble into the lines of the French corps of observation under Bos-

Not that Sandy had any such idea at first, for he was too much bewildered with his sudden fall to realize any thing, but, a moment later, he was hailed by a sharp voice in French, while the click of a cocked musket enforced

"Hatte! Qui va ta?"
"'Deed, then, mounseer, and it's anely a puir
Hieland laddie, and I dinna ken if his banes are a' haill or no," said the piper, ruefully.

And wha may you be, mounseer?"
He could see no one, but the French voice cried, furiously : Sacr-r-r-e tete de cochon! Silence! Qui vo

Sandy remembered then that French sentries are apt to shoot very quick, and he mustered up all the French he knew. Ami! Ami! Ecossais!" " Avance, Reossais, et donnez la consigne," said

the stern voice, and Sandy groped his way through the fog, and beheld the turban and capote of a Zouave, as the latter covered him threateningly with his piece.

Sandy was in a predicament. He understood that the sentry wanted the countersign, and he had none. Moreover, in the words "friend and Scotchman," he had exhausted his stock of French words. So he tried English "I dinna speak French, mounseer, and I ha'e

no countersign; "but, gin ye ca' the corporal of the guaird, I'll tell ony officer ye ha'e that The Zouave leveled his musket.

"Yous etes espion," (you are a spy) he said.
"Arretez vous la, et no bougez pas, ou je tire,"
(stop there and don't stir, or I'll fire.)
Sandy obeyed the gesture rather than the words, and took his seat on the ground. His own sentry experience convinced him that the Zouave was going to keep him there till the re-lief came round, and that if he made a motion the other would shoot him. How long he would have to stay he could not tell, perhaps two hours. And in the mean time, he could not get news to his comrades, and he knew that a Russian column was advancing to take them

What then did the Highlander in such a distressing predicament?

It's nae use cryin' ower spilt milk," he said. calmly. "Peesho mann do the watth, sel". "Twull be a braw foight, I'm thinkin', sel". "Twull be a braw his pocket and pre-"Peesho maun do the warnin' him-And he drew his pipe from his pocket and prepared to smoke. At that moment the first treaks of dawn began to light up the east, and a grayish light shone through the fog.

At the very instant the light strengthened, a rattling fire of musketry opened overhead on the Inkerman Plateau, and the drums beat to

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE TELEGRAM. THE Minister of Police, alone in the church of Beloi Gorod, suddenly heard a clicking noise in a dark corner of the church. Gorloff start ed, and a violent sweat burst out on his body

as he shrunk behind the pillar. "Click! click! or-r-r-r-r-r! click! click!" went something in that dark corner, for several seconds. Then a little bell rung, and the clicking was renewed.

Gorloff listened, completely dumbfoundered, Then he heard voices under his feet, and a great slab of marble rose in the floor within six feet of him.

The police minister put his hand in his vest, and clutched a small pistol that lay concealed there. He began to think he might need it. The slab rose on edge, and remained station Then a young man in the dress of a civil-

ized European, came out from behind it, bearng a lantern; and spoke to some one below, in Only a message, Tom. The prince will not be here till near morning. I'll attend to it. Keep up the fires, for it's a cold night."

He passed by Gorloff without observing him and the minister of police breathed freer. The young man went to the corner of the church whence the noise had proceeded, and Goroff leaned eagerly forward to look. The light of the lantern fell on a small side altar, on which stood a picture of St. Nicholas. The minister saw the young man raise the altar-cloth, and the mystery was explained.

Under the cloth be distinguished by the lantern the well-known brass wheels and clockwork of a telegraph-register with its endless slip of paper. The news from the Crimea was easily accounted for. Prince Gallitzin had establish-

ed a telegraph to Sebastopol l

But how had he done so? Gorloff knew that the only line in Russia was from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and surely the line of poles could not be hidden anywhere else. How did the line operate, and where did the wires run? He gnashed his teeth as he thought of the simple device by which the prince had outwitted him. But, for all that, he watched the young man

From the outline of face and figure, and from the cut of his clothes, he judged him to be a foreigner, but not an Englishman. The accents his voice were those of an American, sharp and precise, devoid of the peculiar English slur that marks the best educated Briton. The young man took up the slip and read

can, aloud, "that will be bad news for the prince, and for me, too. The old fellow will hate to give up his news. Bury the station? I suppose he's got it down in some hole or other. Well, well, this will be bad news when the

As he spoke he put down the lantern, and sat down to the little instrument. The police min-ister heard the clicking of a new message being apidly sent, and wondered what it was all

toward the telegraph operator.

Gorloff waited till he was at a safe distance

when he stole forward to the uplifted slab and peeped down into the hole. He saw there a

He had no time to make many observations, for the voice of the telegraph operator and Tom were too important in their utterances not to be listened to.

"The police spies are coming here, I guess. Tommy, and we shall have to look for a new trade," said the operator. "They've had to fill in the station at the other end of the

"That ain't here," responded his companion, bluntly: "I'd like to see the police find out this machine. Why, the folks in the village wouldn't no more dare come in here than nothing. Does she signal yet, Mr. Ford?"

The operator made no reply for a moment.

He was listening for an answer to his mes-Presently it came, and then it was that Gorloff felt an intense longing to understand and interpret those mysterious clicks. He listened

eagerly to the conversation to gain a clue.
"Well, what does he say?" asked Tom, when the noise ceased. "He says that Nadia will be here in ten days," said the operator. "Who she is I don't

know, but I suppose the prince will. We'll have to take a young lady in to hide, I guess." "Well, it's too bad we'll have to stop send-ing messages," said Tom. "I wonder if he's going to bury his side, really?"

The young man dropped the altar cloth over the instrument and rose. "We can't tell till the prince comes," he said. "I don't know how you feel, Tom, but I'm amazing sleepy. I shall turn in till he comes." "All right, Mr. Ford," said Tom, stolidly

"I ain't any ways anxious to keep up in this lismal old hole, myself." So saying the two Americans, for such Gorloff felt sure they were, returned to the place whence they had emerged, and slowly descended before his eyes, entirely unconscious of his presence. As soon as they had gone, the min-ister of police darted forward to the side altar, and snatched away the long marked slip of pa-per which depended from between the toothed vheels of the instrument. He could not read it himself, but he knew that there were plenty of people in his employ that could. He tore it hurriedly away and crammed it into his breast; then rapidly and without further precautions passed down the center aisle of the church, and

was gone into the open air.

The village was still as ever. The moon, some distance past the full, was just rising over the pine trees in the east. The distant over the pine trees in the east. howl of the prowling wolf was melancholy,

and almost musical in its intonation. Gorloff passed along down the street, over the czar. the snow crust, and came to the house where he was lodging for the night. He knew that behind the stable was a door in the palisades opening outward, by which he could escape. Now that he had found what he wanted was no longer desirous of prolonging his stay in the village.

He went to the stable and brought out his horse. In anticipation of just such an emer-gency, he had put a saddle and bridle in the

With this he hastily equipped his animal, led it out through the side door in the palisades, mounted, and raced away for dear life toward Petersburg, leaving the door wide open behind im. He cared nothing for the wolves in the prest, nor for letting them in on the sleeping nhabitants. He was armed against the on langer, and the people of Beloi Gorod could

With the precious dispatches hugged close in his breast, the minister of police galloped oward Petersburg, repeating to himself;

Now I have him at last, and Cyprianoff, and her, the proud beauty who has caused so days more you shall be in my power."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE HEART OF A ZOUAVE. WHEN the piper disappeared down the side of the cliff, the Zouave corporal was very near collowing him. Only a desperate effort enabled im to scramble back from the edge, and in so oing he let go the hold he had hitherto kept

on the silent prisoner.

With a low cry the latter turned and fied into the fog; and before the Zouave was on his feet, the fugitive was almost out of sight. Pichot was too old a soldier to be caught in that way; and moreover, his Zouave education had practiced him in running. Away he went, at full speed, on the track of the fugitive, and soon found that he could keep his own, though the hussar certainly ran like a deer. The foo and the unknown ground were both great himnot to be beaten, and he bounded forward wish rapid strides, till he could hear the panting

creath of his chase. Then just as he reached forth his hand the ussar dropped his pelisse and fur cap, and doubled off at right angles into the fog, faster than ever. Pichot uttered a furious "sac-r-r-r-re," and

followed again, coming up hand over hand; but as he neared his chase he kept a more cautious look-out for the tactics of evasion. Again, however, the fugitive doubled on him, with the same success, and ran a few steps on

a new course. But Pichot was not thrown out over six feet this time, and saw that the other was staggering as he ran. The brown, muscular hand of the Zouave

closed with a grip of iron on a cluster of curls that floated out behind the head of the fugitive, and then at last the chase was over. Pichot seized the other savagely, only to let go the next moment. With the unmistakable

shrick of a woman, the supposed hussar dropped on the ground, and lay still! The corporal's feelings underwent a change in that instant, such as he had never before ex-

perienced. "Thousand bombs and grape-shot!" he eja-

"Mon ami, infantry is coming over the bridge. We must hurry back. There is going to be a surprise."

"So I'm thinkin'," said the piper. "It's unco lucky that the mirk's sae theeck, or we might have a sair sight o' trouble to escape on this plain. Coom, Peesho."

The comprehen again, stale away to return to

It was indeed very dark, and the fog added to his difficulties. But the Zouave knelt down and raised his prisoner's head on his knee as tenderly as could be. Since the wonderful discovery he had made, he was full of curiosity to know who this woman could be. He peered through the darkness at her features, but in vain, till a thought struck him. Fumbling in his jacket pocket, among loose tobacco, ends of cigars, and pipes, he extricated a match, and struck a light. As the blaze sprung up for a brief moment, he held it near the face of Then the young man called out:

"Tom, come here."

"Ay, ay," grumbled a voice below stairs;
"I'm coming. Thought there was something the matter. Has the machine bu'sted?"

"Tom, come here."

"As the blaze sprung up for a brief moment, he held it near the face of his captive, and uttered a low cry of wonder and pity.

That face was one too well imprinted on his

a pearing headlong down a declivity.

A second young man, in a somewhat humber of the same beautiful lady that he and his commendown on hands and knees, grasping at the first had been a somewhat humber of the same beautiful lady that he and his commenced from the hole in the floor, and went involved the same beautiful lady that he same

"Alas, alas," grouned the poor corporal; "I loved her, and she is a Russian spy. The Scot was right. What shall I do?"
The form on his arm hung there with a limp

weight that told that its owner was certainly senseless. It was a strange thought to think what could have brought that beautiful creature there, hunted like a wild beast by Russian

and English alike. "No wonder the poor lady fainted," muttered Pichot. "She has gone through enough to kill a man, running and swimming, shot at by Cossacks, and half-strangled by McPherson. At least she shall not complain that Pichot is her enemy any longer. Poor, beautiful demoiselle thus Lorschutz beautiful demoiselle thus Lorschutz. selle, thus I consecrate myself to thy service,

come what may. I am thy slave."
And the Zouave reverently kissed the cold forehead of the insensible girl as he spoke.

The action seemed to revive her in some measure, for she stirred and uttered a heavy

"Do not fear, dear young lady," whispered the corporal. "I am with you, and no one shall harm you." The disguised girl raised her hand to her fore-

head in a confused manner, and asked: "Where am I? Who are you?"
"I am Corporal Pichot, of the Third Zouaves," said the soldier; "one of the four that
had the honor to assist mademoiselle in getting out of the way of the Turks at Constantinople. Permit me to repeat that I am still at made-moiselle's service."

"But where are we?" she asked. "I do not remember clearly. Some one shot my horse and seized me, and then I ran away. Where

are we?"
"We are on the Inkerman Plateau, between the lines of the two armies, mademoiselle," replied Pichot, gravely. "What is more, I fear it is my duty to consider you a prisoner as a spy—but do not fear. I have weighed, and accept the consequences. I shall be considered a deserter. Well, I take the disgrace. I will become a Russian, to be near you and serve

The Zouave's voice faltered as he spoke. No one who has not seen the intense affection and pride of a French soldier in his regiment can inderstand the sacrifice Pichot was making. The girl herself rose slowly up, and confronted him, just as a grayish light began to penetrate

the thick fog.

"Soldier," she said, "I do not deserve it.
All who love me, die, or suffer death in life.
You do not know what is coming. In a few minutes more your friends will be surprised by overwhelming forces, and destroyed. And I, alas, in my blind devotion, am the accursed cause of the disaster. Oh, sir, kill me while you can, and hasten to warn your comrades. They will be driven into the sea, but Russia is safe. Then let me die, and save them from useless slaughter, for they must surrender to

Pichot laid his hand on her soft shoulder. The idea flashed across him what a blind fool are had been not to feel that this was a girl long

"Mademoiselle," he said, "next to us lie the English Guards, the men who boast that nothing can beat them back from their post. If it were French, I might hesitate, but let the English take care of themselves. You are a Russian princess. I follow you."
"You mistake," she said, in a low tone, "I

am-only a spy. Kill me, and save your own "It is too late," said the Zouave, calmly. The light was increasing. They could see each other through the fog with sufficient dis-

tinctness, and objects within a few yards were faintly discernible. The disguised girl looked in the direction pointed out by the Zouave. A column of gray-coated Russian soldiers, with spiked helmets, ne after line, close together, were stealing hrough the fog as silently as ghosts, with their eft flank turned toward the watchers. All carried their arms at the stope, and kept their eyes sternly to the front, as if totally unmindful of what took place on either side.

"You see, madeuroiselle," said the Zouave; "it is too late. The rosbif Anglais must fight it out. I could do nothing if I would. Now, where are you going?" "Where you can not follow," she said, sadly.
"I have ruined you as a soldier, and I must

make you reparation. Flee to your friends over the chiff. Your comrades of the Zouaves are there. Tell them what you have found out, and save them from utter ruin."
"It is too late," said the Zouave, again. "Look vonder." A line of flashes lighted up the fog ahead, and the rattle of musketry was followed by a

yell of ferocious exultation and hate. they saw the endless column of ghestly gray figures break into violent motion. cries went up in a strange medley of sound, ghostly officers waved their swords, the ilent, entions step changed to the rapid tramp of the 'double quick," and rank after rank of fierce Muscovite soldiers swept through the fog to the front, where now a line of red flashes gleamed incessantly, and the rolling crackle of

file-firing never coased.

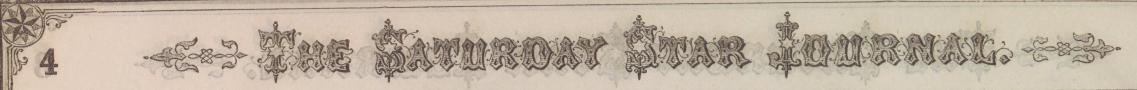
"Suer-r-re nom!" hissed the Zouave, as several bullets whistled past them; "the English are awake, after all, it seems. We must get out of this, mademoiselle, for there will be hot work in a few minutes.'

"No, no, I can not go. I have a duty to perform," cried the girl, wringing her hands, as if in distress. "Leave me and escape, for

God's sake, dear friend." For all answer, the Zonave seized her in his powerful arms, and hurried her away to the rear, out of sight of those ghostly savage warriors. The tramp of battallions was heard all round them, as the dense Russian columns swarmed to the attack, but the Zouave was lost in that providential fog for several minutes.

Then, all on a sudden, came the clatter and fingle of horse, and the pair ran right into the midst of a Russian General and his staff, coming galloping to the front.

In a twinkling they were surrounded. (To be continued commenced in No. 192.)





NEW YORK, JANUARY 17, 1874.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK

TWO SUPERB STORIES!

With this issue we give the opening chapters of

THE SILVER SERPENT; The Mystery of Willowold

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR., AUTHOR OF "YTOL," "STEALING A HEART," ETC And shall, in a short time, commence:

WOLFGANG, The Robber of the Rhine.

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Our Arm-Chair.

Our Idea .- "Young America," out in Haarwrites us a chatty letter about matters in his district, telling how the SATURDAY JOURNAL won its circulation there by the force of its fine stories, etc., etc. We are always pleased with these pleasant words from readers, and though we can not, of course, answer them, are none the less their friend. It is one of the publisher's and editor's most encouraging compensations to receive from patrons of the paper the evidence of approval which everywhere greets the Journal. From all sections come these evidences. We are rapidly taking a steadfast hold upon American homes and cater for that fireside audience out of which are to spring the future true men and women of the Great Republic. The transient, flash and dash audience is not ours; we make no over-tures to the "fast" or dissipated creatures of society; we pay no devoirs to folly and wickedness; we offer no feast for those who crave forbidden fruits; but, instead, we entertain, amuse, instruct and delight by the pure work of pure pens, calling to our aid authors who can be trusted; and, with a aith in the principle that "the best now is the best in the end," shall continue to "fight it out on that line" always.

A Sea Menster.-In Mr. Whittaker's SATUR-DAY JOURNAL serial, The Sea Cat, the reader was introduced to an enormous cuttle-fish or sea devil (octopus), whose existence is indeed no myth Readers of the romance may have thought, perhaps, that the author used a "romancer's license" in making the terrible creature large enough to invade a ship's deck with its horrible arms, to seize and drag overboard its prey, but that act has so many parallels in the history of the sea that the author might cite a score of authorities to defend his delineation.

We have a verification of the power of this creature in the narrative of an experience, off the coast of Newfoundland, near St. John's. It appears, from a letter written by the Rev. Mr. Har vey, of St. John's, Newfoundland, to Mr. Dawson Principal of McGill College, Montreal, that on the 26th of October, two fishermen who were out in a small boat observed some object floating on the water at a short distance, which they supposed to be a sail or the debris of a wreck. On reaching it one of the men struck it with his "gaff," when immediately it showed signs of life and reared : parrot-like beak, which they said was as big as a six-gallon keg, with which it struck the bottom of the boat violently. It then shot out from about its head two huge, livid arms, and began to twine them round the boat. One of the men seized a small ax and cut off both arms as they lay over the gunwale, whereupon the fish backet off to a considerable distance and ejected an im mense quantity of inky fluid, that darkened the water for a great distance around.

The men saw it for a short time afterward, and observed its tail in the air, which they thought to be 10 feet across. They estimated the body to be 60 feet in length and five feet in diameter, or the same shape and color as the common squid and moving in the same way as the squid, both backward and forward. One of the arms which the men brought ashore was unfortunately de stroyed, but a clergym in who saw it assured Mr. Harvey that it was ten inches in diameter and six feet in length. The other arm had six feet of its length cut off before leaving St. John's: the remainder, which measured 13 feet in length, is but three inches in circumference, except at the extremity, where it broadens like an oar to six inches in circumference.

As usual in the cuttle-fish, the under surface o the extremity of the arm is covered with sucking disks, the largest of which are an inch and a quarter in diameter. The men estimated tha they left about 10 feet of the arm attached to the body of the fish, which would make it about 35 feet long. A photograph of the fragments of the arms and some of the disks were sent to Mr. Dawson, who exhibited them at the meeting of the Montreal Natural History Society. A trustworthy witness informed Mr. Harvey that in th winter of 1870 the bodies of two cuttle-fishes were cast ashore on the coast of Newfoundland, measuring 40 and 45 feet respectively.

I WOULDN'T.

You've felt cross sometimes, now haven't

raged tiger-cat or a pent-up volcano, and thought you would give those same individuals a bit of your mind. Now, I wouldn't do it; no, indeed, I wouldn't, for it will not do you or any one else the least particle of good. It is really dreadful to think how many friendships have been severed, and how many lives made unhappy, by our ebullitions of temper. A kind word is often the cause of gaining us friends staunch and true, while a cross one has lost us not only friends but has made us unhaj -

Instead of expending the vials of your wrath Instead of expending the vials of your wrain on those who have offended you, wouldn't it be better if you were to go away all by yourself, and write down all the good and evil words said of you, and the good and evil deeds done toward you by others? When you have counted these all over you will find the good will outweigh the evil; so throw the records of the evil into the cooking stove, but treasure of the evil into the cooking-stove, but treasure up the good in your heart; you'll feel far happier for so doing; but if you go on treasuring up every trifle you will have a most miserable time over it; and, while you are wondering what it is that makes this world so cold and dreary, you are one of the very causes of its being so. I wouldn't act in that manner, were I in your place; friends are better than enemies, any day; 'tis better to be loved than hated; 'tis better to forgive than bear malice.

Am I not right?
"But, 'Eve,' when you come to think of how one's goodness is so little cared for, and how friends, whom you have done so much for, have turned the cold shoulder on you, it isn't quite so easy to carry your advice into prac-

But, you mustn't think of it; you must forget it; you must firmly resolve that, from this time forth and forevermore, you will banish such thoughts from your mind. It is not going to do you one particle of good to keep the idea of man's ingratitude to man" in your head. Take a more cheerful view of life, its sur-roundings, and of those who go to people the world in which we live. Are we so good ourselves, so free from censure, that we wonder hat others are not the same?

Ingratitude! Why, we are ungrateful ourselves not to be willing to forgive and forget; when we have so much need of being forgiven ourselves, and have so many peevish-nesses that we would like to have forgotten.

If I heard Mrs. Jack say hateful things about Mrs. Gill, I wouldn't go and tell Mrs. Gill about it, for it would only bring about domestic broils; nor by my repeating their gossip would I be doing my duty. I don't like to get into hot water, and I keep out of it just as much as I possibly can. I don't want to be drawn into quarrels, or have my name brought in as a witness to any disturbances. Is there nothing else to talk about but scandal? Are we so utterly depraved and vile that our evil doings are so much commented upon, and our goodness never remarked on?

If I go visiting I want to hear sense and not candal-something edifying. I want the virtues of my neighbors extolled and not their vices brought before my vision. I wouldn't give much for the society of a person who is a scan-dal-monger, or one who believes that the surest road to heaven is through Gossiper's Lane. They are so good themselves, in their own estimation, that others look like carrion in

I was sitting at my desk the other day and a rap came at my door. "Unlock the door," came from a female voice outside; "I've got just the nicest piece of gossip about—"
I waited to hear no more. I said I wouldn't

unlock my door to all the gossip and scandal in the world; and I didn't and wouldn't. EVE LAWLESS.

THE ENEMY OF ALL.

strikes in the dark and unawares—malice.

The weapon of the slanderer and backbiter, of the treacherous double-dealer who writes

It is false economy to purchase articles simply because they are "cheap." One good, durable article will be ten times cheaper than

himself friend and is the most dangerous of Oh, this deceit of appearance that fawns ipon us, that flatters us, that wins our confi-

Why cannot people dence only to betray us! be true to the form in which God created them? Why must they blot its purity, gild it with flaunting hypocrisy, make of it a whited sepulcher by all uncleanliness within? Rumor starts a whisper from some basis

false or true. Malice catches it, turns it, rolls it in the dust, adds to it, and makes of it an overwhelming ruin. One little dark spot upon man's character thus has been widened until it has encompassed all his hopes, all his expectations, blasted his life, and who may tell but the subtle influence reaching still further may have sullied his chances for eternity.

Hate, honestly expressed, is seldom injurious All it asks is to be relieved from disagreeable proximity with its object, or, if hostile contact omes, gives the warning which permits de-

Malice, on the contrary, seeks to destroy. The wisdom of the serpent and the innocence of the dove are combined to conceal the evil intent. A little prick with the poisoned point, an inuendo thrown out, an insinuation made, and link after link of the chain of consequences will follow, winding in and binding the victim. who may never know the trivial beginning of

One hasty word carelessly dropped, which has cut into a malicious spirit, will be treasured vengefulness fostered, perhaps for years, and he return for one slight offense ruin a life or wreck a soul.

And there is no remedy. How can we guard gainst an evil we do not suspect, or apologize for a wrong we have not intentionally com mitted? The only hope is in checking the outreachings of the spirit where we find it, in suspecting the motive which prompts a ques tioning or doubtful word when one of commendation should be given; that, and each of us seeking the merit in mankind rather than

AMERICANS ABROAD.

Possibly no one out of a thousand Americans who have never visited the European countries have any idea of the vast respect with which Americans are regarded abroad.

When we use the word "Americans," we re fer of course to the great Republic which dis-plays the stars and stripes as its national flag. Although the natives of Mexico, of Canada and of all the numerous countries which are in the southern portion of our continent, have fully as good a right to the term American as ourselves, yet the world at large does not so re-

Abroad, when a man says "I am an American," it is instantly concluded that he is a citi-

zen of the United States. As a gentleman lately said to the writer, after returning from a short trip across the "ocean ferry," "I really felt proud of being an American citizen, when I saw the respect which the name produced. Passing from one country you? and your best friends have said or done to another, the custom-house officers were met in regard to luggage, baggage as we term it in this country. An inquiring glance in the face and the question put, 'English?' 'No, sir,' to travel forty miles to recover it; and once I and sleeve trimmings from \$3 to \$15 a yard.

American.' Then the face of the official would brighten up instantly. 'Ah, yes, America' —strong emphasis on last sylable. 'Pass on, Monsieur.' The same attention at the hotels and caught them as they came down. I can when it was discovered that our party were

The reason is easily and simply explained, as the gentleman whom we have quoted stated. Almost all with whom you come in contact on "the continent"—as Germany, France, Switzerland, and the other countries of nearly all Southern Europe, are generally termed in England—have either a relative or a friend in the United States. And that relative or friend writes home what a great and wonderful country this is

Americans who have never been out of their own country have very little idea how much superior the condition of the workingman is here to what it is abroad, and what a vast chance to better his fortunes the laborer has who leaves the shores of Europe and seeks a home in the New World.

It is only when an American goes abroad that he begins to get an idea what a great country he has at home. It is the old saying repeated: "one must go away from home to learn the news."

Here in America, our ever-re-liable dailiesif the types should err and spell re-liable with an e, it wouldn't be such a great mistake—even howl aloud that we are a "rotten, corrupt nation, trembling on the brink of destruction, but abroad, the down-trodden and oppressed of every nation look to the land guarded by the starry banner as their haven of refuge, where the virgin prairie soil waits for the strong arms that shall tickle it with a hoe till it smiles with

Decidedly it improves an American to go abroad; it would improve the country if som citizens would go and stay there. There some we could really spare. THE DEACON.

FALSE ECONOMY.

Every one should be economical and prudent in these days. It is highly necessary, yet there is such a thing as false economy. A well-known lady writer had a dress to make, and, thinking to save a little money, undertook to do the work herself. Being quite a tyro at the art she occupied much longer time than a dressmaker would take, and found, to her in-tense disgust, that she had done her work entirely wrong. Had she employed a work-woman to do the garment she would have had the time to follow her own profession, make enough to pay her dressmaker, and leave a lit-tle balance on hand. It was a false economy of hers, and she acknowledges that it was.

It is a false economy of the proprietor of a store to work his clerks so hard one week that they will be so completely worn out as to be anable to accomplish any thing the next one. It is false economy to buy thin shoes to be

worn in wet weather, for the sake of saving a few dollars, and then get a fit of siekness in consequence and have a heavy debt to pay to

It is false economy to keep the fire low in the winter season, and then have so severe a cold for a fortnight as to be unable to utter a It is false economy to go to a large hotel to

board during the summer, just for appearances' sake, and then pinch yourselves for food, light and heat throughout the next winter.

It is false economy to live on a bit here and a bit there at all hours in the day, when the

amount thus used would pay for two or three substantial meals. It is false economy to write all night and re-

main for hours in bed the next morning. When, if you retire at a seasonable time, you will gain a good night's rest, and arise refresh ed and ready to commence work in the brigh sunlight, which is far better than any artificial A TINY, pointed, poisoned weapon, which illumination than can be produced.

four of those that break at the first handling.

It is poor economy of the farmers to hire men summer after summer, when their wage would pay for a machine, which would do their well, quicker, and with less amount of noney in the end. If you hear of persons complaining that they

are no better off at the end of the year for all their economy, you may, as a general thing, conclude that the economy they have been practicing is not the true but the false kind. A man, to save money, may starve himself mized, for the result shows a waste of health

almost to death, and the consequence is that he is too weak to do work. He has not econoand strength. A shop can not be kept open without goods; a paper could not succeed without articles to make it attractive, and prolucts could not grow in an unfruitful soil. How then can a man expect to keep himself in odily health without proper nourishment?
When studying for the best mode to econo-

ascertain to a certainty that nize we should our decision is true wisdom, not niggardly

Foolscap Papers.

Some Questions Answered. I have received a good deal more than a

great many letters containing inquiries in re gard to myself. To save expense, I take the resent moment, while dinner isn't quite ready, o lump them together and answer them in nunch through the columns of the SATURDAY Journal, no stamps having been sent. 1. ' How old are you?" Several years, five

months and nineteen days ago from this date I was over thirty years of age, lacking a few days. If you will set this down, add it up, divide it, subtract the remainder, you will find that at the date of this writing I am just as old as ever I was in my life.

2. "What is the number of the boots you

wear?" I generally wear two, as I have found it more convenient than wearing four. The length of my boots is greatly exaggerated; inadvance of me that I seem to stand back in the past some distance. My boots are much too large, but that is because my feet are. If I drop a flat iron my foot always catches it for

3. "Are you fond of ale?" I will have to answer this question with a little bit of a "no. as I don't entirely abhor it, and therefore it wouldn't do to make the "no" too large. 4. "Are you familiar with Greek?"

oughly; know it as soon as I see it; know it as well upside down as downside up. the exception of reading and understanding it,

6. "Is your sight impaired?" Not in the

least. I can see clear out of sight with the the Valenciennes in fashion, which is just at greatest distinctness. The smallest mite is this season unsurpassed in beauty; this, and magnified by my eyes to the size of a fly; a

and caught them as they came down. I can stand and look over into week after next with-out any trouble. I sometimes am in danger of straining my eyes in looking into some fine

poetical strains, trying to see through them.
7. "Do you wear shirts open in the back?" My other one is made that way. I did not like it very well at first. I wore it three weeks straight along with the back to the front before I knew how it was intended to be worn. I thought the bosom of that shirt was made very plainly to have so much work put on the back. I am not very much in favor of them since one is obliged to throw a back somerset to button them, and then perhaps miss it.

8. "Are you a truthful man?" I am; I can not tell a lie about this. I've lost money by it. I got many a licking from my father just be-cause I was not good at telling lies; I always made such a bad out of it that he could tell i 9. "What is your hight?" Well, measured by

a sixty-foot tape-line, with a ten-foot string tied to the end of it, I am found to be six feet, more or less, with some to spare either way. I can walk through an ordinary door by ducking my head or by standing up straight, either way. 10. "Do you get hungry early and often?" Bothly. The Whitehorn taste for victuals has

been transmitted from generation to generation -each year becoming more perfect until, as my landlord remarked one day, it threatened to absorb the world. He thought it was the most all absorbing thing in the world.

11. "How's your health?" Pretty good, I thank you; how's yourself?

"Are you a good vocalist?" I am. I am the only man, living or dead, who can sing all songs to one tune. My rendition of the multiplication table is pronounced by musical critics to be the most perfect thing—with the excep-tion of a few mistakes in the amounts—they ever heard; it is really so affecting that it makes me weep without begging pardon of my hearers. In this pathetic song my voice has a range of from one up to one hundred and forty four. I have sung it before the highest circles It is an arythm et-ical song.

13. "How are you off for stamps to-day?" All letters with this question I answer in a bunch—as far off as ever. My pocketbook has been in the late financial pressure and was pressed flat—so flat that, if there was a threecent stamp in it, it would squeal. Did you ever try to shorten a post-hole by tying a knot in it? The impossible is not practicable.

Several letters remaining to be unanswered are laid overboard.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Woman's World. WE are in the very midst of the holiday ush and crush, as we write. No one would

ever dream that times were hard to see the purchases made, chiefly by our wives, mothers and daughters, at our great bazars of retail trade. If the merchants are not satisfied with their trade in December, it must be that they are hard to please. Going out and seeing what is doing has given us the following notes on what the ladies are now all adopting:

Steel butterflies and aigrettes for the hair are shown everywhere. Many styles and patterns are displayed, which are attractive and can not

A new kind of imported fringe is of cut-glass.

It is similar to the old-fashioned bugle-fringe, although prettier, and upon black silk dresses is very beautiful and effective.

White cambric handkerchiefs with colored hems are new. The prettiest have a white center and deep hem of pink. Another style is fluted, and has a colored monogram in the

Black silk walking suits, trimmed with chinchilla or silver fox fur, are the newest exhibited on the fashionable thoroughfares. The combination is very pretty and withal stylish

and genteel. Some person has put upon the market a pre paration for coloring the gums a delicate and beautiful pink. It is intended for ladies only, says the label—a bit of superfluous informaion, we think.

In Paris, we are told, the young ladies are wearing a very jaunty little hat of gray felt, bound with gray velvet, and ornamented with a gray aigrette and long gray feather. It turns up on the right side, and is altogether stylish.

The large Turkish gold dollars are now made into necklaces and bracelets, although the lat-

er are rather out of fashion. The coins are showy and form effective ornaments. are not very common, these new necklaces, and

for that reason are sought after.

Lace fichus are very fashionable this winter for evening dress. Those of white lace are the most beautiful, particularly so when worn with ight-colored silk dresses.

It is now "quite the thing" to send tiny baskets of flowers in preference to large bouquets. They don't cost as much, and notes and things can easily be hidden among the roses.

Among the most important and prominent

items of a full toilette comes lingerie. This includes all of the various fraises, frills, ruffs, chemisettes, collarettes and laces made up into jabots and wrist-ruffs. The length of the neck must determine the hight of the ruff, but none excepting the longest and most graceful necks can wear those made of the same width all the way around. With the announced reform in expenditure

a corresponding decrease in styles and trimmings was expected, but so far the only decrease has been in quality of material, and that springs mostly, not from economy, but simply from change in faskion. Scanty skirts and a decreas the number of flounces were the ukase of changes in dress, but never before has there been such extravagance in trimmings. It is not suf ficient that lace trims the costume, it must be beaded, and headed by gimps of mingled steel and gimp, ornate fringes, diamond-cut steel in ornaments and buttons, elaborately-cut jet, su deed, my feet have been exaggerating for the perb passementerie beaded ornaments; riclest more or less years, and are now so far in Chantilly lace barbes made up in sets of bow with silk, confined, perhaps, with a buckle o dark iridiscent pearl or diamond steel; mohain heavily-beaded gimps, fringes of heavy silk in ermixed with fine-cut jet beads on strings buckles of chased silver enriched with gold, o mother-of-pearl, edged with gold, and count less others. So many are the styles of collar-cttes, fraises, and ruffs, all tastes can be suited nor do those fashionable accessories to the toilet onduce toward reform in dress, for if not made of the very finest material they are simply an outrage upon good taste. The Medici and Henry III. are more fashionable than oth-

I can modestly say I know all about it.

5. "What is your income?" Well, my inkum is \$10,000 short this year; next year it will English thread lace such as our grandmothers used to boast of in their caps. Mechlin lace is larger than the caps. revived from long oblivion, and ranks with the point d'Alencon, which costs from \$50 to

Readers and Contributors.

To CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS. - No MSS. received that are not To Corresponding and Authors.—No MSS, received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for intare orders.—Unwall-able MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inchoure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS,"—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice tests first upon merit or fluxes; second, upon, excellence of MS, as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS, of squal merit we always prefer the sinorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compastior, tearring off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or many number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit, Many sucr, tearing on encer page as it is written, and carefully giving it its falls or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and page has writters will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this solution for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

These contributions, for various reasons, we decline and return only such as had stamps inclosed for remailing, viz.: "Petrarch's Love;" "The Lost Picture;" "No Name for It;" "Bel Westerly;" "Ethel's Brids groom;" "The Wife's Stratagem;" "Beneath the Elm;" "The Midnight Assassin;" "Ruth."

The serials, "A Broken Reed." and "Mrs. Damon's Worst Enemy," we lay aside for further consideration.

The batch of essays by H. L. T. we can not use. Some are worthy of place in some good weekly, but we are too fully supplied to care for them at present.

Will find place for "Solitude;" "I can not Sing;" 'Hearts at Home;" "Tarnish of Time;" "Sound the tyre;" "Love vs. Rain Storm;" "Farewell;" "Olio;" A Bad Beginning Makes," etc.; "The Tragedy of the Trail;" "Ben Logan's Story;" "A Duke in Disguise;" 'See Saw;" "The Spirit's Plea." A. H. C. Have answered your query in previous num-

L C. GREENWOOD. Have a letter for you awaiting R. H. C. We may say no. to your query; you can not yet write for the press.

M. S. Washingron. The poem is good enough for se, but we do not care to place it on the paid list. HAP H. We put that red nose in the Omnibus, where t will be "at home."

LITTLE FRAUD. When you hear of any exploring ex-edition in the process of fitting out, write to the direc-or of it for a situation.

Rosa. The bad taste in the mouth, after meals, proceeds from billousness or indigestion—probably the latter. Eat only light, nu ritious food; avoid all hot drinks and use, occasionally, a little magnesia.

L.R.T. We know nothing of the book named, but nifer that it is a humbug. Beware of such books, as a general thing! general thing?

TRUE BLUE. There is, as we have already stated, no possible way of entering West Point save by special appointment. Apply to your Congressman.

G. W. F. Mandrake pills are the severest drastic. The use of magne-ia is far better, however, or an infusion of chamomile and senn.

M. B. All depends on the eyes themselves. If the work hurts the eyes use b ne or green goggles. This is a sure protection against the glitter of the gold leaf.

WOLF DEMON. The "best work on how to procure teath" is the work that invigorates—walking, riding, ight ont-of-door work, etc. Little medicine and much wholesome air are the best physician.

light out-of-door work, etc. Little medicine and much wholesome air are the best physician.

Barry G. Poems on the accepted list may be months in finding place in our columns. We try not to deter any over two months, but are not always able to get them in within that time. Don't be too impatient.

Mary A. R. Your punctuation reminds us of the story of the contributor who, in remisting an editor an old manuscript, added: "The following verses were written fifty years ago by one who for many years has slept in his grave merely for his own annacement," or of the verdict of the Ohio coroner's Jury, which, as announced, read: "Came to his death by excessive drinking producting apoplexy in the minds of the jury." Moral—mind your commas the minds of the jury." Moral—mind your commas the minds of the jury." Moral—mind fill un with people very rapidly. At the last State Fair at Minnesota, a farmer living at Morehead, on the line of the railroad, exhibited Early Rose potatoes weighing four pounds. These were raised merely by placing the small seed potato beneath a turned-over sod, and with no cultivation whatever the potatoes reached their enormous growth in three months.

W. B. A. The story, "Mon from Texas," will not be published in book form. Our serials can only be had in the paper as serials.—Wash the lace with carbolic soap, to remove pimples. Avoid eating greasy lood. Eruptions come from indigestion or bad blood.

W. S. D. Kermes are a sort of bug that infeet orango trees.

W.S.D. Kermes are a ort of bug that infest orange trees. They are, however, very useful as a dye, and before the intr-daction of cochineal were much esteemed for the deep red color which they imparted. Flemish tape-stries, two hundred years ago, were dyed with this insect, and though less brilliant than cockineal, it is more enduring, and less liable to stain.

Q.R. P. The ticks that desiroy your honse-lilles may be destroyed by sprinkling the plants with a decocion of tobacco. By this means you can kill all trouble-ome insects, but all plants can not stand such watering. The safer way of using tobacco, is by exposing the plants for a considerable, time to the smoke of this "fragrant and beloved weed."

HILDA N. A sick-room should face the south, if pos-ible, so as to secure smulight for the greater part of the ay; a good ventilation is also necessary at all seasons keep ng the atmosphere healthful, pure, light and dry. Johnson S. The "Delectable Mountains" are a range mentioned in Bunyan's Allegary of "The Pilgrim's Pro rees," from whose summit might be seen the Celestial City.

Nora O'NEAL. In cutting a garment that has a right and wrong side, but no up and down to the figure, or nap, it may be doubled together, and both sides cut at the same time; but if there is an up and down to the figure this can not be done. GENTILE. Hwa Kwoh is a name often given to China v the inhabitants—the translation of which means,

Flowery Kingdom." J. L. F. L. Tapioca in its natural state is poisonous; but by washing and baking, it is depived of its baneful element, as the starch is then granulated, and forms the excellent article of diet which is in daily use.

IKE ALLISON. It has been proven by recent experi-nents that the immersion of iron and steel-in acids les-ens the toughness, and increases the weight of those S. J. K. Skimmed milk is strongly recommended as ood for laying hens.

food for laying-hens.

Hiram H. Yes, the process of iron-smelling was carried on in Egypt at a much earlier period than is generally supposed. In the sepulchers of Thebes may be found delineations of butchers sharpening their knives on round bars of iron attached to their aprons. The blades of the knives are painted blue, which fact proves they were of steel, for in the tomb of Rameses III this color is used to indicate steel, bronze being represented by red. Near the Wells of Moses, by the Red Sea, the remains of ironworks are so vast that they must have employed thousands of workmen. These works are supposed to be three thousand years old; near by are the ruins of a temple, and of barracks for the soldiers, protec ing or keeping in order the workmen.

WILLIAM D. W. In order to keep your orchard thefur WILLIAM D. W. In order to keep your orchard thrifty,

strict attention should be given to puning; the roots must be fed with nutritions fertilizers, and of a kind suitable for fruit-trees. Crchards left to themselves, devoid of pruning and enricing of the soil, soon bear inferior fruit, and finally cease bearing altogether. Commence the pruning early in February and finish before April 1st.

April 1st.

MRS. HITCHCOCK. Ants may be prevented from ascending the stems of plants by placing around the stems a ring of ca ded cotton. This is to them an impracticable barrier. When exposure has made the cotton ard, it must be changed. Plants in pots and boxes are nade perfectly secure by putting them in a place surounded by water.

ounded by water.

W. S. L. It certainly has been proven that slik in any equired color can be produced by the silk-worms being ed upon prescribed lood; for instance, a slik-worm fed upon vine leaves becomes a beautiful red, while lettuce eaves for food produces an emerald-green thread. YOUNG MISS. Jet is now becoming fashionable again, o you need not lear to wear your set of that material.

STUDENT. One-third of the population of the United states are workingmen and women.

INQUIRER. The real name, or maiden name of Louise multi-ch, the popular German authoress, was Chara Miller, and her married name was Mundt, her husband ocing a writer of talent and a scientific man. The authoress was 59 years of age at the time of her death, Sept. 25th, 1873.

MORDECAL It is in England that suicides are buried under the cover of night. The reason for this we do not know. It is merely, we suppose, "an eld custom." GARDENERS. In the United States, as well as in South America, Mexico and the West Indies, fruit-trees bear three crops per year. In California certain applements bear three times, annually. Oranges do grow in California.

LINGUIST. In the English language there are about 30,000 authorized words; in Spanish 20,000; in Latin 25,000; in French 30,000; in Italian 45,000; in Greek 50, 000, and in German 80,000 words.

School-Girl. You were too positive with your lover, and should not assert a thing of which you are ignorant, for there are green roses, and though very rare, they are often found in the State of Florida. HUBITE. Boston was founded 243 years ago.

THEODORE S. The word Canada signifies a group of huis, and is from the Iroquois (Indian) language. Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

When I am covered with the grass, If my low grave you chance to pass, Oh, pause one moment, one, I pray, And in that surely-coming ony Say, as you smell the pimpernel, Here lieth one who loved me well.

You do not care for me, I know; For pride you could not stoop so low; One from your high and proud estate With lowly lover could not mate. But ah! when I am dead, I know You'll think of him who loved you so.

And oh! I shall not be forgot! And oh! I shall not be forgot!
You'll miss me, though you love me not.
Love is so sweet a memory
That though it came to vou from me,
You'll think of it, and thrill to know.
That one has lived who loved you so!

And when you pass my grave, and see The blossoms blowing for the bee, And hear the south winds saying mass Like wandering friars, who chance to pass, O'er incense-cups of pimpernel— Oh, think of him who loved you well!

WILMA WILDE, The Doctor's Ward: THE INHERITANCE OF HATE.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON, AUTHOR OF "CORAL AND RUBY." "ADRIA. THE ADOPTED,
"THE CREOLE WIPE," "STRANGELY WED." "CSCIL'S
DECEIT." "MADAME DURAND'S PROTEGES,"
"THE FALEE WIDOW," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER XXIII. FOR THREE DAYS.

CRAYTON, tipped back in one of the leathercovered office-chairs, his heels in complacent familiarity with the banker's desk, was listenstory of Wilma's disappearance, in terspersed as it was by the banker's ejaculations of regret and annoyance, by no means grown less after three hours down town.

Most inexplicable occurrence to my mind and very distressing to all of us," he said, passing his hand over his smooth face and rubbing his soft white palms together, with the aimless motion of mental dissatisfaction. So much prosperity and so little disappointment in all the enterprises of all his smooth, wellregulated life left Howard Richland at a loss in meeting even this departure from the usual way. However Mr. Richland might endure greater trials should they come to him, he was

perplexed and disturbed to a degree over this. Crayton had looked in at the bank with the sang froid belonging to his class, the assurance which recognizes no inner scroll of any man's life sacred from intrusion. He greeted the banker with a careless nod and a good-morn-

ing.
"I haven't any one to interview," he said, "no terrible disaster to chronicle, and have left the commonplaces to the lesser lights of our ilk. How did you leave the ladies this morning, Mr. Richland. Let me hope Mrs. Rich-"It was but a passing faintness and did not recur," answered Mr. Richland, with his usual precision. "I left them both quite well though very much distressed. You are the very man I want to see, Crayton. Come in here and have a seat for a moment."

Crayton went in, nothing loth, to the inner office with its comfortable appointments, its walls frescoed, its woodwork carved, its furniture solid, heavy and plain, very careless over the mark of distinction this attention from the banker appeared.

"Mrs. Richland suggested consulting you,' the banker went on, after making his first ex-planation, "and I remembered that you knew something of the person who is Wilma's guar dian. For my part I am quite bewildered. They will ascertain at the house if Wilma has returned, and upon my word! I don't know what more you might do unless to suggest the hest means of following her up without making the affair a matter of public comment.'

Count on me proving good as an amateur detective," said the reporter, confidently. man who is in all sorts of places every day, and has had experience with all sorts of people, has a better chance of stumbling over mys teries than others who might set to work in a more methodical way. 'Pon honor, much as I appreciate the compliment conferred, I must declare that Mrs. Richland is a lady of decided

penetration." The two were sitting in consultation still when Lenoir was ushered in. Crayton catching a doubtful glance in his direction answered

it with his unusual unconcern.
"Don't mind me," he said, lounging across
to a window which overlooked the street, as apparently indifferent to the world without as to the two men within. Lenoir took him at his People in general had a habit of not minding Crayton so long as his duties did not lead him to interfere with them. Besides it was not Lenoir's mission to betray any of the confidence Captain Bernham had placed in

'I have come on private business," he said, regarding Miss Wilde."
"Regarding Wilma! Have you heard of

her, Mr. Lenoir ?-what ?" "I am authorized with a message from Miss Wilde's father, Mr. Richland. An acquaintance I have recently made, Captain Leigh Bernham, who is stopping at the St. Clair now, is prepared to authenticate his claim in that ca-He will give the best of references for your satisfaction and assurance of his responsi-bility. At his request I undertook to transmit his wishes, to inform you of his right, and to avoid, if possible, the tedious formalities of any

legal process."
"Wilma's father! Upon my word, this is growing to be a complex affair. My dear fellow, are you sure there is no mistake about it I certainly understood that Wilma was an or phan, without relatives of any degree.'

It only needed this latest phase to disturb Mr. Richland's serenity to its greatest depths. "It was the general supposition, I believe Some early misunderstanding effected a separation between Captain Bernham and his young wife; he was called away to duty upon the frontier, and received news a few months later of her death. Captain Bernham had unconsciously gained the enmity of his wife's father their marriage had been a secret one, and he was never apprised of his daughter's existence Accident and the testimony of an old servant recently revealed the truth to him. If any dif-ticulty is put in the way of his claiming his daughter he is prepared to put the matter in the hands of a lawyer, but I trust there may be no difficulty when he presents his claim in proper form. He has heard of your extreme kind ness to her, and believed it best to advise you in some such way as this, at the same time to spare Wilma the suddenness of the shock an

"But there is a difficulty," Mr. Richland asserted. "There, Lenoir, don't look as though you supposed we would throw an obstacle in the way of the child's good. She came to us

her responsible protector. I had hoped to suc- know. I discovered what relation existed beceed him if any change could be effected in regard to Wilma, but your strange story puts an end to that expectation, I suppose.' "You think the difficulty apprehended will

be in opposition from Dr. Dallas?"

"I know nothing whatever of that person, let me repeat. The difficulty lies in the fact that Wilma has deserted us, gone off in the most incomprehensible and inconsiderate man-I am quite used-up between the surprise. first from her action, and now the later one of this revelation of yours"

And there the story of Wilma's disappear ance was repeated again, and discussed with even more dissatisfaction on the banker's part than before. With no newer conjecture of what motive must have prompted her came the knowledge which promised additional disappointment for themselves, whatever it might portend favorably for Wilma, Mr. Richland would not selfishly have consigned Captain Leigh Bernham and his claim to oblivion if he readily could, but there was actual regret in his thought that Wilma was lost to the place in his home and heart which the lack of any child of his own had left unfilled.

Crayton, failing a little in his self-absorption, and finding nothing worthy of his attention in the familiar sights of the street, lounged back to his place by the banker's desk. He had nicked up a new and was second? picked up a pen and was scrawling idly over a

sheet of blank paper lying there.

"I haven't an idea of how my wife and Ethel will take this added surprise," said Mr. Richland, as the young journalist rose. "Can't you spare time to come back with me, Lenoir's I am going back to the house directly. You, too, Crayton. What a relief it would prove on the top of all this perplexity to find that Wilma had really gone back to her guardian. Why, I say! How in the world did that ever get

He had gone across to Crayton's back, and tood staring down at the scribbled sheet, torn in strips now and strewed over the desk, Cray on, pen in hand, scrawled over another line, Mr. Richland's amazed eyes following him.

"Upon my word, I never would have be-lieved it if I had not seen for myself. It's the very fac-simile of Gertrude's hand, the very shade and turn she gives her letters. Impro-bable as such an occurrence might be at any ime, and impossible as it would have been at this particular time since I haven't been away from the place, it really struck me first that Gertrude must have been here and left a writ ten message. Strange how very like. What is it you have written?—'I, Rose, take thee, Robert?—was it Robert? No matter, of course. You must be acquainted with my wife's chirography to imitate it so perfectly."

"Never had the pleasure of seeing it that I am aware of, but I have rather a facility for many aliferent state.

cunning different styles. As for ladies' writing that always runs in the same groove, sloping and Italian, all hair lines and shades at the curves, a very little modification will sait the

hand to any of the sex."
"Perhaps," Mr. Richland admitted, doubt fully. Crayton had deftly twirled the frag-ments of paper together, rolled them between his palms, and tossed the ball so made into the

waste-basket. "You are both coming?"
"Sorry, but I have an engagement too near
at hand. Lenoir here can bring back any news at hand. there may be to me."

Lenoir, approached near enough to overlook the little scene, darted a quick glance at the re porter's sallow, undemonstrative face. His keener eyes had read the fragment—"I, Rose, take thee, Raymond"—and he had instantly connected the names with the story he had so recently heard. What could Crayton know of it? Crayton's expression did not betray, and Lenoir very soon dismissed the speculation.

The reporter sauntered away in his solitary direction, and the other walked briskly through the streets back to the Western avenue man sion. No lessening of anxiety had occurred there during Mr. Richland's absence. Ethel had just returned from her drive in a r flutter until a sured that no tidings of Wilma had come. Dr. Dallas had been there and gone so the hope they had all encouraged that she might have voluntarily returned to his care was

That scene in the library had not gone be yond its four walls. Mrs. Richland had silent-y fainted in her chair, and Dr. Dallas, with his own unwearying patience, had waited the na tural course of restoration. A little apprehen ion mingled with his waiting before it was uite over. His eye fell on a cut-glass flagon ipon the mantel filled with some fragrant es-sence, and he took it down sprinkling the unconscious face liberally from its contents. Then as he observed signs of returning consciousness he retreated to a window and half withdrew be aind the falling drappery. This was through no consideration on the part of the man; it was

simply the policy of supreme selfishness. Give her a moment to come thoroughly back to herself, to fully comprehend the force of the declaration I made, and there will be no useless scene, no hysteria or other excess of nervous agitation. Truly a woman with her amount of nerve should be a mark for the sex; I positively thought for a second that she was not going to give a sign. There's always a tender spot with even the sternest and coldest of them, however, and I flatter myself that I have found our self-sufficient Madame Richland's

vulnerable point." He turned presently to meet the steady, dark

eyes silently watching him.
"Oh, recovered," he said, advancing from his position within the shadow of the curtain. And no bad effects from your late shock, let me hope. I see; not even occasion for me to prescribe. Believe me, I would willingly be of service in that way, if at all necessary. Permit me to felicitate you upon your wonderful powers of self-command, Mrs. Richland; but I recall you were noted for that rare virtue when

on were not Mrs. Richland." There was a smoldering fire in those steady eyes now, a burning redness in the closed lips n vivid contrast with the still whiteness of the perfect face—a warning of surging, hidden passion-fires had Dr. Dallas rightly interpreted them. She neither noticed these later words of his nor made any reference to the weakness

which had overtaken her.
"If that is the truth," she said, "why are you telling it to me now? Why are you not still keeping the secret which you have kept so well for seventeen years?"

"Perhaps that very lapse of time may have released me from the obligation of keeping it secret; in fact, I may as well say that it is so. You were the smallest concern in my share of that out-of-the-way bit of by-play of seventeen years ago. My patron of the occasion paid me liberally according to his means for the service rendered. He had his own reasons for wishing the child dead; I had discovered his hatred of it before it was ushered into existence; but with too much conscience to permit the small life to drift out before it was fairly begun through any gross neglect. It must be dead to you, that was his edict. I was bound to obey instructions, of course, and I don't pretend to any particular qualms in doing so. I was dis-

tween my patron saint and my patient, what distorted and over-strained views of his, along with some personal disappointment which I put down to quite a wrong basis then, influence ed the strong feeling which he expressed and from which he acted. I traced up the child and kept the remembrance of his anxiety be fore me, letting you drop out of sight as a doomed character whose part in the play was well over. It was left me to understand that the dead life which disturbed my patron saint's mind at a later date was to be yours from that time forth. I have not even attempted to reconcile that departure from his plans as I understood them. You were to enter some institution of sequestered sisterhood and be dead to all the world. Whether that was so much duplicity on his part, or if he was overruled by your will afterward, I wouldn't pretend to say now. I retained my knowledge, and my very good friend was happy to remember my service of that time at various intervals in a substantial way during the seventeen years since-remembered it handsomely as his circumstances would permit upon his death-bed. And only then I suspected for the first how much a wider sphere gratitude should have attained in the ipper stratum. No more duty was owing to

my patron saint, so, manifestly, my duty to my-self is that to be developed next."

"You mean," interrupted Mrs. Richland's quiet voice, "that after extorting bribes to insure your silence from him, all his life, he is no sooner dead than you betray the last confidence he reposed in you. You think to have gained a hold upon me which shall answer the same as

the power you have held over him."
"Ah, but there you mistake," answered Dr.
Dallas, with that humbly deprecating gesture. I have a taste for mysteries—almost any one of my regular patients can tell you so, and a aculty which possibly may run into a species of harmless mania for following up the same. Let us call it that, and say I have a mania for mastering mysteries of this sort. Then there are family prides and family honors which might be so nearly affected by the same; fancy the gratification of such responsibility as having family pride and family honor hanging upon a word withheld or spoken by me. There s something irresistibly charming, inexpressi-

bly delightful in the thought."
"That tells me nothing of what you want or expect of me. Don't boast or attempt indisputable triumph before you have gained grounds for the same; it is in exceedingly bad

taste to do so, Dr. Dulias." "And Mrs. Richland is an oracle from whom there is no appeal. "Man wants but little here below,' my dear madame, and my want is most moderate. I want Wilma Wilde speedi-ly found, and when found, I want that you shall urge no interference with my own claim which I may bring forward.

"And then you would betray all you know or fancy you know, to my husband. "My dear madame, betray! It is the second time you have used the word to reflect to my

disadvantage. It is the code of the profession never to betray. With such family pride and family honor as I have already made reference to hanging in the balance-

"You possibly might find yourself forestalled in any disclosure you had to make. You have shown me what I may expect from you, Dr. Dallas. Take the assurance that I am quite capable of that much in return."

The flame had made a leap into the hitherto colorless cheeks. Even Dr. Dallas, phlegmaic, designing, experienced a feeling akin to ad miration at sight of the face answering so apt ly to a strong resolution, and in the second i required the unwonted impulse to turn collagain, he found himself left the solitary occupant of the room, Mrs. Richland's clear, like, vibrating tone without ringing distinctly in his hearing.

You will find Dr. Dallas in the library William, waiting to be shown out. Attend to your duty at once."

my soul!" the doctor muttered to himself, be tween set teeth, with a smile which was no fa vorable index upon his face. "It is well to have a host in reserve, my high-handed ma-dame. Forestall me if you like; eat humbleoie to your heart's content; trust in winning orgiveness for the simple deception resulting rom girlish folly as you will doubtless put it all up the pathetic story of the early unhappy marriage; gain all the sympathy and avertal evidence I can bring to bear. I owe you that much full for your scornful treatment of me."

There is never pity in a heart like his; never mercy in a narrow, sordid soul. He would have had no feeling but of exultation had he been a witness to the moment of utter prostra tion which succeeded, robbing her of all that brave assured bearing, bowing her pallid, and with every nerve relaxed with the swift throes

of agitation rushing over her. Mine-my very own-Wilma mine!" were the words her softened lips whispered to herself, breathlessly, over and over again. "Mine, and I never to know it, not to suspect t when my heart yearned over her to the strain

of breaking. She was invisible still when Mrs. Latham's carriage, rolling past the door, depos ted Ethel, but ten minutes later, when her husband returned with Lenoir in his company, her quiet ontained presence was the first to meet them. If it was less quiet, or less contained, as Le noir's mission was unvailed, not one there had

any perception of it.
"Gertrude's presence always does me good,"
her husband had said once, in confidence to a friend. "She is calm, with a reliance which an earthquake would not shock. I don't be-Permit lieve in men who require a prop, but I'm proud to declare in my wife as pure stuff as ever shone in a Spartan mother.

That stuff, had Mr. Richland only been aware, shone at its brightest in the half-hour after his return. Wilma claimed by a strange father who had not suspected her existence until less than a fortnight past; Wilma, for whom the father-love and the mother-love had sprung up, and been recognized so very recently Wilma gone from both; the two separated by such a chilling, dread-inspiring barrier that never in time could they be mutually drawn by the influence which was so powerful with

There could be but one aim now as conceded by general acclamation-though had they observed, Mrs. Richland was mute there-Wilma must be found, no method must be left un-

of the leading dailies. white face and blue eyes stormily ablaze-came up into the young face bending above her. in on his fair fiancee as it chanced, quite alone.

"What does it mean?" he broke out, with perfect abruptness. "What truth is there in this Crayton has been telling me, that Wilma is

gone without provocation and without warnng? What has driven that inexperienced child to such a step?" Ethel wondered at his vehemence, looking up

into his stern face.
"We are all very much distressed, Erle. almost under protest from her guardian. Creet in those days, and let us hope not quite a Crayton here can tell you more of him; I know fool. I did my bidding in the simplest way, him by name, merely, this Dr. Dallas, who is and found means to discover all I then cared to son and no trace. She said in the note she left still, with that same strange look still fixed.

Wilde, and I stay with his Eric. Can't do not make that the match in a principal race.

"We are all very much distressed, Erle. Can't do not make that the match in a principal race.

"We are all very much distressed, Erle. That shadder war nothin' but an illusion of the any thing for you?"

No, no," the woman answered, and lay eye; or it might have been a concentrated son and no trace. She said in the note she left still, with that same strange look still fixed.

appeal to a friend. We are all at the greatest loss without one trace of a clue to show us in which direction to turn with a hope of finding

She must be found, she shall be!" declared Erle, in the same strangely vehement way.

But the days wore themselves out, and Wilma's friends were worn along with them hrough anxiety for her; but neither Erle's declaration, which was followed by his earnest ac-tion, nor Captain Leigh Bernham's widely instituted search, nor Mr. Richland's perplexed following of their two examples, resulted in any return or hint of success. Crayton had faded out of the field almost before the others engaged in it—faded as well from the familiar places which had known him daily before, but

which now knew him not. Thus for three days.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A STRICKEN VILLAGE. THREE busy, anxious days they had been, up in the little Westmoreland village. Malignant yphoid was sweeping its way with an irresistble force, and had stricken a third of the population in this short time. Scarcely a family where one or more members had not succumb I to the disease. One of the Biffin children had died, and on the morning of the third day the still little form lay in its plain casket. Before night another one had passed out of life and the same grave would receive them both. There were indefatigable workers in the nidst of the suffering, frightened people. Dr. Joy, burly and gruff, and inveighing against the willful disregard of all sanitary measures, until the shock of a calamity like this fell upon them, courting disease by their habits of living, their overcrowded, ill-ventilated houses, was loing his best to mitigate the affliction. His own regular round of patients, together with this added strain, had kept him at his best effort for three days and nights, but the doctor was one of those prickly human burrs that will bristle all over and resent as an injury any recognition of his own warm-heartedness, or persistent sacrifice of his own comfort.
"If I care to waste any time in blowing up

these foolhardy villagers," Dr. Joy would say, and punish them with physics and drugs they ought never to need in this healthy atmosphere, it's their look-out, not mine. They have no business to leave the door open for the thief to walk in. If they had taken the advice of Miss Erle there, and drained off the quag-mires at their back doors, three months ago, they might have spared themselves the visita-Talk about the hand of Providence! In ninety nine cases out of a hundred the people owe such visitations to their own folly and neglect. For the credit of human intelligence I'd like to see some common sense brought to bear among the lot, and as long as they shirk that result of their own accord they'll have to take it in the homeopathic doses we can force

Prudence was invaluable, and Miss Erle spent her days chiefly at the village. Even when not there in person she was in mind, lay ng plans and issuing orders for the comfort of ner stricken flock. Wilma went with her, the quiet little hands and gentle voice and sweet face exerting a soothing influence over the invalids until gruff Dr. Joy, stopping her once, laughingly declared that her ministrations bid fair to rival his own bitter draughts and caustic

Miss Erle had driven down to the village for he second time that day. It was near evening, the wintry sun appearing in occasional cold gleans between gray clouds massed against the sky. Wilma had gone with her into the Biffin cottage, and stood for a moment looking down at the two still little forms already robed for burial. It seemed a happy escape for them as she turned away and met the sight of the nar-row house overcrowded with the living yet, sharp-featured, unhealthy little faces looking out from all sides, another child and the moher taken down with the disease.

Prudence had worked wonders in bringing eatness and order out of the chaos which had reigned, but at its best, and subdued by the presence of sickness and death, such a prospect s life there offered turned Wilma sick at heart or a moment and made her glad to get back nto the free air, with a chill of breeze rushing brough the straggling village streets.

They say some one is wanted to stay with Mrs. Brooke," said Miss Erle, coming out to join her a moment later. "Cases have multiplied o fast, and the people here are so inefficient, hat those who are competent to attend are obliged to change from place to place as they are most needed. The Brooke woman is low past hope of recovery the doctor says. Would you mind sitting with her, Wilma, while I visit the other places? She is both tranquil and

'I shall not mind in the least, except to be glad of any chance for usefulness, and if you think Mrs. Brooke will not be alarmed. She appeared so strangely and so strongly agitated when I was there with you first that I have

never gone back." She was wandering then, her odd conduct simply the result of a delirious fancy. She will not know you, but she does not much notice what goes on about her. You know the

Wilma answered in assent and turned that way, while Miss Erle continued the course of her round. A little brown detached cottage, with a few feet of walk in front, and a gate swinging, as some careless passer-through had left it. Wilma went in, closing the gate and quietly admitting herself, as her soft knock elicited no response. A fire was burning in a little polished stove, a few articles of furniture were ranged about the walls, a shelf of shining tinware and common delf filled a corner, but the room was empty of any presence. A door opening into a second room was ajar, and through it she had a glimpse of a narrow bed. with a gay coverlet thrown over, and a bright rag-mat on the floor before it.

She went through into the sick room quietly. No one was there except the prostrate form upon the bed. Mrs. Brooke was in a slumber. which the girl's silent movement had not broken. Wilma sat down by the bedside, looking compassionately into the sleeping face thin and worn and touched with age, the hair, which struggled down upon the pillow, iron gray, the hollow cheeks and wrinkled forehead and closed eyes looking deathly in their pall and hard stillness. She was so perfectly still tried, and Lenoir carried with him authority to that with a little thrill of awe Wilma put out insert a carefully worded advertisement in each her hand to touch the pale forehead. Light as the touch was it aroused the sleeper, and the Later, Erle Hetherville came in with set sunken eyes came wide with a startled glance

"I did not mean to wake you," she said. came to sit with you for a little time. If you can sleep again, do so."

The woman shrunk away, her eyes, startled

that it was her duty to go, and that she would upon Wilma's face. Such a steady sort of ved gaze that Wilma grew embarrassed under it first, then restless, with something very like a dread of those fixed, staring eyes. She was glad when a neighboring woman came in presently to give the medicine the doctor had left. The interruption seemed like the lifting of an

ncubus which had weighed upon her.
"Are you staying?" the woman asked, in a whisper. "I'll not be then. My man is comwhisper. ing down with it I'm thinking, and my hands are full enough at home. It's a sore day for all that brought the scourge down upon us. She went, and still the sick woman regarded Wilma with that same intent, curious look. The impression she derived from it lingered with her afterward—an uncomfortable sense, a vague realization of some meaning or some cause underlying it which had an undefined re-

lation to herself. The sound of a footstep and a knock at the onter door brought a relief to her sense of oppression. She arose hastily, with a desire to escape the gaze which followed her even then. She had not doubted opening to Miss Erle, but, instead, it was a masculine figure looming against the gray clouded atmosphere, which obscured all trace of the sunset. A rather tall, thin figure, with an overcoat buttoned to the chin and traveler's cap slouched about his ears; for the first instance of the sunset. for the first instant she did not recognize any thing familiar about him.

"Miss Wilde!" exclaimed the voice belong-ing to the form. "I fancy I need never be tempted to rail against unpropitious fates after his, and I should as soon have thought of looking for you in Jericho! I wonder if you have an idea of what a hue and cry has been aised after you, Miss Wilma?"

His glove had come off and he was clasping her hand before she had recovered from her first start of surprise. Certainly Crayton was the last person she could have expected to meet in the falling gloom, upon the threshold of that plain little cottage, in the isolated little

Westmoreland village.
"Oh, Mr. Crayton, did you follow me here?" cried Wilma, having lost his words in the start her recognition of him had given. "Did they send you? Oh, I am sorry, sorry, if I have distressed them much; but indeed I can not go back. If you would promise that you will not mention having seen me."

"Surely you must know where my weakness lies, Miss Wilma. And yet I venture to assert that you would never forgive me should I consent to ruin all your future prospects by too close observation of an impulsive young lady's whim. Perhaps you haven't an idea even of what a service I might do you by merely men-tioning our meeting here!"

"I am very sure that the very best service you can possibly render me will be to keep si-lence, Mr. Crayton. If it were possible that any prospect could be made tempting enough to persuade me back to them, I should pray that I might be kept in ignorance of it. I am well cared for, and am happy in finding myself of use here. I am staying with Miss Erle. Oh, Mr. Crayton, promise that you will not force me to leave here by betraying my whereabouts to them. It is best as it is, believe me."

"I must promise against my better judgment, then. But then, I never could refuse a lady, especially a young and pretty one. I'm not obliged to relate that I've seen you here—certainly not. I came on a matter of different business, and because I chance to stumble acress the charming object of much solicitude on the part of certain friends of mine just now, it isn't at all incumbent upon me to betray the knowledge which accident merely has revealed. I see that is the view you take of it. Very well, my dear Miss Wilma; much gratification as it might afford me to report your safety and your continuance of regard, I must in all gal-

lantry submit to your wish instead."
"I should like them to know," said Wilma,
"that I am safe, and that I do hold them in most grateful remembrance. If I should write just a line saying that, and if you would kindly mail it in the city and not mention seeing me, it would be the very greatest favor I could ask."

She had come out by his side, drawing the door close so only the faintest murmur of their voices could be distinguished in the rooms within.

"I would advise it," said the reporter, earnestly. "Let me tell you, the Richlands are in a terrible state of anxiety regarding your lisappearance, which is equivalent to a Greek puzzle to them. Do you suppose you could manage to make out with a pencil and my note book here? I'll see that it's put in a form for safe delivery. I rather expect to go back at midnight, and to be busy meantime.

He produced the articles which were required from an inner pocket, and whistled some dis-connected bars of an air as he gazed away through the gap between the squat little houses while she hurrically wrote her message. The air was a keen chill, and Wilma's benumbed fingers produced a tremulous scrawl—her own love and gratitude, sorrow for their distress, an assurance of her safety, and that the course she had taken was much for the best.

"And I venture that yonder is Miss Erle's "And I venture that yonder is Miss Eries turnout," said Crayton, as he received the little missive. "Is she waiting there for you?"

"If you only would promise me again," Wilma said, wistfully. "If you certainly will not betray having seen me; if you will mail that to Mrs. Richland, I will be so truly indebted."

And as I said I can't refuse; but remember, the concession is given against my better "Thank you the same, however," said Wilma, warmly, and leaving him, went down the street to meet Miss Erle, who had stopped the

carriage to consult with Dr. Joy upon the side-

(To be continued. - Commenced in No. 194.)

ONE-ARMED ALF, The Giant Hunter of the Great Lakes;

THE MAID OF MICHIGAN. ROMANCE OF THE WAR OF 1812.

BY OLL COOMES, R OF "DEATH NOTCH," "BOY SPY," "OLD SOLI-TARY," "HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.-(CONTINUED.)

The shadow paused when but a few paces rom our friends, then followed a sound like an animal sniffing the air, and at the same time two dull, scintillating orbs of fire became visible near or against the shadow. But these lasted only for a moment. The shadow and orbs floated away into the gloom, but close behind them and bolt upright, stalked in human form, another dark shadow of Brobdignagian propor-But this shadow also passed away so quick that the silent watchers could scarcely

The woman shrunk away, her cycs, statuted and staring, not leaving the girl's face.

"Who are you?" she asked, in a hollow whisper. "You touched me, didn't you?" had discussed the matter at length, "thar war nothing material in what we see'd. You must wilde, and I stay with Miss Erle. Can I do any thing for you?"

That shadder war nothin' but an illusion of the any thing for you?"

dow?" questioned Paul Engle, scouting such

"Why, boy, if ye only knowed any thing you'd know thar are such shadders. I've see'd them standin' stock-still afore now in a dark. wooded valley; but the instant the sun or moon skipped out from behind a cloud, away'd go the shadder like a big giant."

"I can't indorse your philosophical explana-tion of what we have seen, Mr. Eller, although such a thing may be possible. But suppose we drop the subject and look after the object that brought us here, for time is precious, you

'Sartainly, sartainly, captain," replied old Jack; "let us be movin', come weal or woe." They at once resumed their journey, moving slow and cautiously; but they had journeyed but a short way when they were again brought to a stand, this time by a sound like that which would be produced by some dying, strangling creature gasping for breath. the mysteries can it be, anyhow?"

asked old Jack Eller.

"It appears to be something or some one gasping for breath," replied St. John.
They listened and at once became convinced that the captain was right, though it might have been produced by an enemy trying to de-coy them into an ambush. St. John, however, impatient to test the matter, drew his pistol and moved silently but briskly toward the sound. He soon issued into an open area, or glade, where the starlight reached the earth, unobstructed by foliage; and there, in the center of the opening, he saw an Indian warrior, reclining against a stone, his hands lying limp and helpless at his side and his chin drooping upon his naked breast. He was in the last threes of death, being totally unconscious, and a moment after our friends found him, there was a sudden convulsion of the body that jerked him almost to his feet. This was followed by a relaxion of the muscles, and the Indian sunk lifeless to the earth.

Captain St. John saw that he was neither scalped nor mutilated, but had come to his death from effects of a gun-shot. There was a tiny round bullet-hole on the naked breast in the region of the heart, and no sooner had old Jack discovered this, than he exclaimed:
"By Judas Iskarot, the Spirit of the Woods

has laid it across that Ojibway !" Yes, or rather Darcy Mayfield," added St.

'Hist !-harkee, cap'n !" exclaimed old Jack. He, as well as his companions, had suddenly caught the sound of a heavy body threshing through the undergrowth on the opposite side of the opening, but the sound soon became hushed for several moments, then was resumed again with more violence than before, and was accompanied by the thud and crunch of blows, and low, subdued groans

The noise appeared to be approaching, and so our friends beat a hasty retreat to the shadows on the edge of the glade, and there

The next instant they beheld two figures locked in each other's embrace, come whirling in rapid evolutions from the darkness into the glade, engaged in a fierce and deadly struggle!

CHAPTER VIII. ENTRAPPED

Our friends stood as though rooted to the

spot, so sudden and startling had been the transition of events, and before they could determine who the two combatants were that came rolling in such rapid evolutions into the glade, a third figure shot suddenly into the opening from the deep, black shadows beyond. This was readily recognized as the form of a you. beast—a huge deer-hound. The dog was immediately followed by the tall figure of a man guard. sideration beforehand will be our only safewhom all readily recognized as One-Armed Alf, the Silent Scout.

was only for a moment—until he had taken in his seat.

Then One-Armed Alf turned to the Ojib. strode across the glade to where they were engaged, and raising aloft his only weapon—his long cane—he dealt one of them a blow that at once terminated the conflict. Then, with a significant of the conflict lent exclamation of triumph and relief. other arose to his feet and turning to the Giant

Scout, said, in a calm, matter-of-fact tone:
"Thanks, brother Alf. You came in time, for I must admit that I had my hands fullknave was an exception to any thing I ever had a hold of, in point of strength."

longer enabled to restrain his emotions, "it's One-Armed Alf and Darcy Mayfield! Howdy, Alf! Why, Darcy, you young rascal, what for did you give us the slip the way you did? Glad to meet you, Alf; this is Cap'n St, John, from Mackinaw; glad to find you with your air on, Alf-got your message and husseled off up here like sixty. What's on the rampage by this time

The woods are full of the heathen foe," replied the Giant Scout, in a low tone; "bloody times may now be expected. The spirit of evil and the Indians go hand in hand, and, too, the Spirit of the Wilderness is abroad."

"Ay, ay, friend Alfred," returned Eller,
"you speak the truth. We see'd an Ojibway
that the Spirit had slashed it to, not an hour
ago, But how comes it that roughly and But how comes it that you're in trouble? I know not unless the varlets mistrust that I am a friend to the whites.'

But you don't go cuttin' and slashin' and sotin' around like Mayfied here, so why

should they trouble you?"
"They know my inability to handle fire-arms successfully," replied the scout, "but they begin to mistrust something of the real truththat I am a scout and spy in the employ of the United States. But I care nothing for this—those lives at Mackinaw are what interest me for they're in imminent danger.

Well, stranger," said St. John, addressing the scout, "we are now on our way to Macki-

But you have gone out of your course by coming this way.

"We came this way on purpose to help you out of your danger first."

"I am greatly obliged to you, friends, for your kind regards for me, but do not tarry here, I pray. If you go with me to my cabin, I will lock up and go with you to Mackinaw."
"That's the talk, friend Alf," said old Jack;

"your assistance as a scout will be worth a dozen good men"

"Then follow me," replied the scout, and turning, he moved away into the woods. His faithful hound took the lead, while Eller and his party followed close behind the scout.

few minutes' walk brought them to the door of the scout's cabin. All was darkness and silence within. One-Armed Alf gave the surrounding glade a hasty glance, then opened the door and entered the building, followed by his companions.

light was soon struck, and as its rays dispelled the lurking shadows from the apartment, the scout glanced about the room as if looking for some one or something.

Somethin' missin', Alf?" asked the inquisifive old Jack Eller. Yes; Ethiope, my black companion and

cunning treachery and murderous intent of their hearts; and the boldness of their intru-sion, and the mocking sneer upon their faces, were intended to provoke the whites to some demonstration of violence. But the cool equa imity and dogmatic forbearance of One-Armed Alf overcame the spirit of resentment, and for the time being the storm was stayed. In act, he went so far as to turn and glance at the savages with provoking coolness, at the same time saluting them with a friendly bow.

One-Armed Alf; but it was a silence, which, when fully broken, would be by the cries of agony wrested from men in a terrible death-

to allay suspicion of their purposes, their all have a snifter ?" trencherons intentions were too thinly disguised "This, Muggins," busekeeper, is gone, and it seems a little full well that they had murderous weapons parting at once, or remaining quiet."

"I can see no signs of violence about the place," said Darcy Mayfield.
"Harkee! There's a footstep at the door; it may be your nig."

Long Run, as the renegade had called himself, glanced at each of the whites, as if to read

Every eye was at once bent upon the door, when the hound of the scout was seen to leap

into the room with apparent fright. "What is it Sultan-what is it?" The dog uttered a low, plaintive whine and

bounded back to his master's side again.

Then a figure appeared in the doorway, that caused a convulsive movement of every form in the cabin. It was the figure of an Indian, painted and plumed for the war-path, with his shoulders enveloped in a red, flaming blanket.

A half-defiant smile rested upon the face of the savage as he ran his eyes about the room and scanned the faces of our friends. His presence seemed to enjoin silence upon every one present; and during the hush, Captain St. John glanced toward Darcy Mayfield, and was surprised at the unearthly light of vengeance that lazed in his eyes. He saw his hand seek the knife at his girdle, and as the young man's breast swelled with the fearful emotions stirred within it, he-St. John - saw the murderous blade creep slowly from its sheath; but before it was entirely withdrawn, the fearful spell was proken—his deadly intentions arrested by One-Armed Alf, who stepped forward and confronting the Indian, said:

Why is a war-chief of the Ojibways here, when his brothers are away, fighting the Yan-

kees in Canada?" "Brudders not all there. Lots in Michigan woods. Me here to talk with One Arm," replied the Indian, in a tone and language that convinced all present that he was not a genuine Indian, but a white man in disguise. But, with eigned ignorance of the fact, the Giant Scout replied:

"Come in then, and let me hear what you

The Indian advanced into the house, and, at a signal from the scout, his comrades fell back | feet. and seated themselves on the opposite side of the room. The Indian and One-Armed Alf remained standing. "That one," the renegade replied, pointing

"I am ready now to hear what the Ojibway chief has to say to me," the scout said. "Does One Arm and his pale-face friends

know there is war between our people?" "We have heard it intimated, but have no positive proof of the fact; and sincerely hope that it is not so.'

"It is so," replied the Indian, glancing from one to the other of his auditors to see the effect his words would have upon them, "and hun-dreds of Yankee scalps hang at Indian girdles." "Do you know this to be a fact, Ojibway?"
"I do. Already great battles have been

Where at?' One at Mackinaw."

And what was the result of the fight at Mackinaw?" Mackinaw was captured."

"Great Heaven! can this be possible?" cried Captain St. John, starting up.
A. grim smile of satisfaction and triumph

passed over the face of the Indian as he replied:
"The young warrior is surprised at the news

-so are his companions; but Long Run tells the truth; Mackinaw has fallen."

"Oh, God! let me out of this—let me go!" cried St. John, starting wildly toward the door.

"Hold a moment, young man," said One-Armed Alf, laying his hand on the young captainly shelders." retired way will go with tain's shoulders; "wait, and we will go with you. The time has come when cool, calm con-

"It is hard—hard to do, Alf, when the lives if, the Silent Scout.

On the edge of the glade he paused, but it tion of a moment," said the captain, resuming

Let us hear what else Long Run has to I have but little more to say, for One Arm's mind is long and he can guess the rest. He knows that the great lakes were once the undis-

puted range of the red-man. But the pale-faces came in and drove him away and built up forts villages; cut down our trees, and killed our game and our brothers. Now the red-man has dug up the hatchet. The pale-faces must all die, or flee from the hunting-grounds of the Indian. One Arm can not shoot, neither can he wield a tomahawk; but his skin is white, and his heart is too, and his scalp would count one in the eyes of the great Canada Father. The red-men would not take the scalp of one as an example of his wrath and punishment upon all white men who raise their hands against the red-skin; but when the Indian hatchet, wet with pale-face blood, is raised, he

'I observe, Ojibway," said One-Armed Alf, leaning slightly upon his long, knotted cane, "that you have some secret motive in coming here—something besides your avowed friend-ship and kindness. In the first place I observe you are not an Indiau, but a white man disguised, which misrepresentation leads me to mistrust you of some treachery."

A low, silent and devilish laugh escaped the disguised villain's lips, which was succeeded by the sound of footsteps without. Then our friends caught the glimpse of other figures outside of the door, and, a moment later, a dozen real Indian warriors filed into the room, their faces aglow with a subtle, malicious smile.

They paused and glanced around them with well feigned surprise; then, at a sign from the

renegade, they all seated themselves upon the floor, facing the whites. The very countenance of the painted wretches was an index to the But his glance was immediately transferred to his companions, who read a volume of meaning "Oh, I did, hey? Sorry I disturbed ye, his companions, who read a volume of meaning in it: "Boys, we're entrapped! But stand boys, but then I'll stand a wetter on it. That his firm, and die like men!" is, I'll treat all around and tickle yer tasters,

CHAPTER IX. HAND-TO-HAND.

Although the red-skins all came wrapped in make you git up and tater-make ye love each blankets, and some of them smoking, in order other like all fire and blazes-say, won't you

"Who ever heard of a concentrated sha-strange that he should be away at this time. I concealed beneath their blankets, ready for inhope he's not got into trouble."

"Ay, ay, you mean that black nigger? I remember him now," replied Eller.

stant use; and the superiority of their number, with the thought that others might be concealed outside, gave the scout much uneasiness, yet ed outside, gave the scout much uneasiness, yet

their perturbation of mind, then said :

"Why are the pale-faces silent and amazed? Have they not looked upon Ojibway warriors

"We have," replied One-Armed Alf, seeing advancing to the door again, he elevated his that there was no evading the subject, "and nose, sniffed the air with apparent doubt, then we have looked upon more welcome visitors, I

can assure you."
"A darned sight," added old Jack Eller, unable to control his tongue longer; "I've see'd lots han'somer niggers than you kit of red galoots, and I'd like to be knowin' whar-

"We have come for scalps, horses, pretty squaws and lots of things, and we'll have them oo, unless you agree to take them all and leave the country of the red-man." "Have we violated the confidence you intrusted in us in the past?" asked Captain St.

"No; but your great Father at Washington has declared war against our Canada Father, and we know you'll take sides with your peo-

"Suppose, then, we agree to leave here, what assurance have we that you will not follow and shoot us when our backs are turned?"
"Then One Arm does not believe an Ojibway can tell the truth?" said Long Run.

"Yes; an Ojibway might, but a renegade like you is not to be believed." A grim, Satanic smile flitted across the face

of Long Run, and his eyes flashed a deadly, revengeful look upon the undaunted scout.

A momentary silence followed the scout's re

tort, then the renegade said:
"It is no use for us to spend further words, One Arm. We are here for two things. One, to exact a promise that you will leave this country; another, for one person in your

As he spoke, the chief rose slowly to his "Which one of our party do you want?"

to Darcy Mayfield.

"What do you want him fur—to eat?" asked old Jack, in a tone of provoking sarcasm.

"That's none of the old gray-heard's busiess," replied Long Run; "we want that man alive, if we can git him so, but if not, we will take him dead." There was an involuntary commotion among

our friends, and each eye sought the face of Darey Mayfield, who stood unmoved by the demands of the renegade chief. He did, how ever, exchange glances with the Giant Scout, then both fixed a close, studying gaze upon Long Run's face, as if trying to penetrate his disguise of paint and feathers. While thus engaged, old Jack Eller broke forth:

'I say, Long Run, you're a darned on'ry knave, and if you want to stand erect here without a punctuated hide, you mus' talk more respectful to me, Jackson Eller; or I'll be cussed if I don't swamp ye, tooth and nail. My blood's beginnin' to bile, and the heart's blood of a hundred Ingins won't satisfy me when I git set to goin' onc't, now mind, ye rampin' niggers you.

Long Run pretended not to have heard the old borderman's words, but fixing his eyes up-

What does the scout of the pale-faces say! will he give up the young man, or will he not? "Long Run, do you take us for a pack of cowards? Do you suppose we will surrender one of our men to you? Never!"

"You must, or take the consequences."
"We'll take the consequences."

Long Run turned to his warriors, who had all the while, maintained a stoical silence, and addressed a few words to them in the Ojibway

A deep hush fell upon the parties. Hands nechanically sought the weapons at the gir-There was a swelling of the chest, a burning of the eye, and slow, labored breath ng that told of desperate and deadly resolve within each man's breast. And now but a single word or movement was wanted to precipiate affairs. Every man was ready to fight to the death. Already the two lines of foes stood vavering in awful suspense-like the swaying of two great walls ere they lose their balance

Before the signal for the beginning of the conflict could be given by either party, how-ever, the storm was stayed by a loud, gruff

voice within the cabin door. The terrible spell was broken, and every eye

vas bent upon the doorway.

Then, with a swaggering step, a white man with a huge pack on his back, came dancing into the room on tiptoe. Calmly he placed his pack on the floor and seating himself upon it crossed his legs, folded his arms over his breast, then, with apparent surprise, regarded the two lines of foes with a comical expression

upon his face. length broke forth, "if this doesn't beat me, Jabez Muggins, the whisky dealer, all into a suds! Who'd 'a' ever thought of finding a dozen Ojibs in the cabin of One-Armed Alf, all standin' in a row like school-hove toeing mark! And byar's a hull kit of whites, all in a row, too! And sweet Moses and Canaan dear! What tigerish looks ye all have! Why, what's up, boys? Any thing that Jabez Mug gins, the life-givin', soul-ticklin' cockalorum of the Great Lakes, can have a finger in? Sneeze it out, One Arm; or you, you red skinflint, muddy chops, whar's the dif'rence to Jabez? An understandin's wanted, gents-must have it-will have it, or over goes creation. whistle out your story, One Arm-gobble it out, red-skin, you lizard-wattled bung nose of

The last words were directed to Long Run, who replied, disdainfully: "Whisky-trader all tongue-big talk-no

"Oh, git e-out with yer slip-soft cackle. Tramp up and expostulate like a slick-tailed possum, or shed yer paint and show yer co-You have come in on the eve of a desperate

and then I'll stand a chance to sell ye every drap of spasm-juice in ole 'Knowledge' here. Why, I'm an orful ole fool, chicks; but I don't keer if you'd shell out every dog-gone rinktum A DEEP and profound silence followed the in your pockets for bottled joy. I'm not mibold intrusion of the red-skins into the cabin of serly—oh, no—but that's not filthy lucre out-

bunkumsqintum article here that will

"Bah, now! Lookee here, ole One Arm, if you think I've no right here, shell out yer dockeyments."

"The scoundrel's in league with the Indians," exclaimed Old Jack; "kill him!" dians," exclaimed Old Jack; "kill him!"
"Not so, ole bear; I'm n'utral, I are, upon
principle; but, if I ever fite at all, it's on the
side that's mos' likely to whoop, and so ye kin

ist count me ag'in' ye if yer gorin' to have a leetle blood-spillin'."

"Shoot him! shoot the traitorous coward!" cried Old Jack, theree with rage.
"I would kick him out of the cabin," said One-Armed Alf; "but such an insignificant creature doesn't deserve so much notice."

"Git e-out now, ole Giant," exclaimed the trader; "by the smoke of Halifax, if some one 'd boost me up, I'd give you a sweet-scented diff atwixt the squinters that 'd onorganize yer calculations in the slapupest style, so I would — whoop tee doodle, whoop tee doo'—say, larkies, can't I induce you to invest in a good, hearty spasm ?"

Seeing that no one cared to invest, the trader arose and began waltzing, with a drunk-en swagger, up and down the room between the two lines of foes, singing his favorite song as an accompaniment to his movements. His intrusion at the time had stayed the rising storm between the fees; still they maintained their hostile attitude, neither party yielding an inch. The savages stood with their arms folded beneath their blankets, and, no doubt, with their weapons in hand. As yet not one of the whites had drawn a weapon, but stood empty-handed. They did not wish to begin the affray, for the odds were against them, and there would be little hopes of victory. Some of them hoped that the intrusion of the whisky-trader would terminate in conciliation. But trader would terminate in conciliation. there was little prospect of this, for the Indians maintained a silent and sullen demeanor, and kept their black, snakish eyes fixed upon them with an unwavering and dogged determination that could not be broken by the apparent un-

guarded looks of the whites, nor the ludicrous intics of Jabez Muggins, the whisky-trader.
Seeing that the whites were not inclined to provoke a fight, Long Run asked:

"Do the whites still say they will take the onsequence?" "We do, most assuredly," responded One

Armed Alf. "See here, my purty bobolinks," chimed in Muggins, "don't go to quarrelin' ag'in, but hat gains, ton't go to quarter a gin, take a snifter of peace from my keg of glory. Be brothers, and I'll make money by it. This 'ere durned fightin' and scratchin' makes trade dull. But, if ye will fite, howsomever, I'll jis' hold my coon-skin over the light and let ye fite ner out in the dark—extarminate each other, and then I'll come in fur the spiles of war, so I will, 'whoop tee doodle, whoop tee doo,'" and he whirled away to where the lamp, that lit

up the room, was burning-took off his coonkin cap and held it over the light, thereby shading it, and wrapping the whole room and ts inmates in blinding darkness.

"Now," he said, "you see you are all one blor, and so why not be brothers—ay! there but are aglin," and he suddenly removed his ap from over the lump, permitting the dazzling ys to flood the room again. Both the Indians and the whites appeared to

egard these queer movements of the whisky-rader with no little curiosity; although the ed-skins still maintained their unflinching poition and sullen, determined looks; and our riends held their guarded watch upon them, lest the trader was trying to divert their atten-tion from his real friends, who would be enbled then to pounce upon and massacre all vithout resistance

'Ho! ho! ho!" Muggins finally broke forth. Why in the nation don't you fellers sail in on or muscle and not stand in idleness, lookin' at other like a passel of bloody And now, if enny of ye want to run, I'll shader the lamp ag'in, then ye kin shove out. You ee, I'm inclined to be ginerous-hearted for sake

f peace and trade--now !-- scat!" Again he shaded the lamp with his cap, en-Then there followed a sudden vivid flash:

he crack of a fire-arm, succeeded by a death groan and the dull thump of a heavy body fallng upon the floor. Again the cap was raised, and the light flared out, this time upon a terrible scene.

CHAPTER X.

tared open, wild and glassy.

A MYSTERIOUS SHOT.
THE scene upon which the whites and their ed enemies gazed was that of a lifeless body ving upon the floor before them, still quiverin n death's last agonies. It was the form of the enegade, Long Run. He had fallen forward pon his side, with his hands clasped over his reast, where a little stream of blood was welling from a tiny bullet-hole, and trickling down between his fingers. An expression of horrible gony was frozen upon his face, and his eyes

Every savage and white man seemed petrified bound to the spot by the frightful scene. The Indians stood mute with horror, their arms still folded beneath their blankets, and their eyes riveted with terror upon the body of their dead friend. One-Armed Alf still stood where he had for the last ten minutes, leaning upon his long cane, regarding the scene with surprise and astonishment; while his companions gazed with distended eyes, and faces marked with a strange fear, about the room, as if looking for the one that had fired the fatal shot. But he was not to be seen. Not a man in the cabin held a weapon in his hand; and yet the time that intervened between the report of the piece and the instant that the trader permitted the ight to flood the room was but a moment, and had one of the whites fired the shot, he could not have concealed his weapon without being seen. Moreover, the report was that of a rifle, and such a weapon could not have been set aside or concealed in an instant, as might have been done with a pistol. In view of these facts, it was plain enough

that none of those in the cabin had fired the shot, and yet no one could have fired through the open door, for Long Run stood with his back toward the opening, and had been shot by weapon in front of him.

Now arose the question, who was the unnown slayer?-who had fired the fatal shot? The silence that followed the death of the renegade was broken by the whisky-trader;

who suddenly exclaimed, in excessive terror: "Lor' Harry, who shot, who shot? Heavens oh! I didn't think my foolin' would result thusly. Oh, agony! that spirit I see'd-I did see it rise up in the middle of the floor—it war the Spirit of the Woods, and it war he that plumped Long Run. Oh! Je-rusalem, let me outen this—quick! or I'll faint!"

He made a dash for the door, but an Indian

ntercepted him on the threshold.

Let the kritter go!" yelled old Jack Eller, advancing toward the Indian; "let the idiof go, and git out of here yerselfs, ye red blood-hounds of sin, you! Take this putrid carcass of yer master, and git, or I'll-"

He did not finish the sentence. An Indian sprung across the room, and seizing him, aimed deadly blow at his head. The old borderman, ancherons intentions were too thinly disguised "This, Muggins," said One-Armed Alf, "is however, retained much of his youthful activit escape the notice of the scout. He knew no time to trifle, and you'll oblige me by dety, and dodging the blow, he grappled with the red-skin in a hand-to-hand encounter.

Then arose a wild, fearful yell within the cabin. The two lines of foes seemed to dis-solve instantly into one, as they closed in deadly combat. At the very beginning of the affray the table upon which the lamp sat was over turned and they fought in partial darkness. The erack, crack of pistols; the dull, crunching blows of fists and tomahawks; the thump of falling bodies, mingled with yells, execrations and cries of agony, made the forest ring with wild, horrible intenations.

To add to the dangers and terrors of the mo-ment, the overturned lamp set a pallet of leaves and reeds on fire, and the red flames flared out and crept up the wall like a serpent, filling the room with thick, fetid smoke and stifling heat.

room with thick, fetid smoke and stifting neat. This new enemy strikes a new fear to the hearts of the combatants. There is a lull in the conflict. They are breathing hard with suffocation. They rush toward the door for egress and the open air, but they find it is closed and barred. They tear at the fastenings like madbarred. They tear at the fastenings like madbarred. men, but they can not open it. It is fast. Some one had shut them in with the hissing, crackling flames. They turn — they glare at each other like men driven to desperation, then they close again in conflict; but their efforts are weak—their struggles are feeble, for they are the struggles of suffocationg—dying men! (To be continued—Commenced in No. 199.)

RED ARROW,

THE WOLF DEMON: The Queen of the Kanawha.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB," "THE MAN FROM TEXAS," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED MAZEFPA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV. THE RETURN TO POINT PLEASANT.

"Now I know what was the matter with him before!" cried Boone, as he knelt by Lark's side. "One of these fits, eh?" "Yes." Slowly Lark's scattered senses came back to

faces of the two men who knelt by his side

him.

"By hookey, yon've had a rough time of it," "I have been out of my head, then?"
"Yes, mad as a march hare," replied the bor-

With a vacant look he gazed into the

"Just look at the strips of deer-skin," said

Kenton, pointing to the severed pieces lying at the foot of the oak. "You bu'st 'em just as if they had been paper." "I feel weak enough now," said Lark, sadly.
"No wonder!" exclaimed Boone, "you've

used up all your strength. Jerusalem! I thought you'd pull the oak over. I shouldn't like to have a tussle with you when you're in one of them queer fits like you had just

Aided by his companions, Lark rose slowly "I sny, Abe, have you any idea what it is that makes you act so queer?" Kenton asked.
"Yes; do you see this scar?" and Lark pointed to the terrible, livid mark that disfigured his

"The wound that made that scar is the cause of it; that is, I think it is. The wound affected my head. I have never been the same man

"It's a mighty strange thing," said Boone, wonderingly.
"Yes; I've had these spells before. I can always tell when they are coming on. I have

strange, burning sensation in my head; everything before my eyes is tinged with red; the blood races like wildfire through my veins, then all my senses leave me. I can remember

asked. "In an Indian fight. After it was given me I lay for days between life and death. I escaped death, but the dark cloud of madness

Well, it's the queerest story that I ever did hear tell of," said Boone, sngely.
"How do you feel now?" asked Kenton.
"Oh, much better," replied Lark.

"Strong enough for to go on?" 'Let's be making tracks, then.' Carefully and cautiously the three proceeded

rough the thicket No hostile Indians barred their course, and the time the sun reached the meridian, the hree entered the stockade that fenced Point

Warm was the greeting that they received from the settlers, but many a sun-bronzed cheek grew pale, and many a stout heart beat quick when the scouts told the story of Ke-nea-ha's expedition. It was sad news indeed to the hardy border-

ers when they learned that the great Shawnee chieftain had dug up the war-hatchet, and would soon bring his painted warriors—hot for slaughter—to the banks of the Ohio.

Then, too, for the first time, Boone heard the tory of the strange disappearance of General Preveling's daughter, Virginia.
The rage of the old Indian-fighter knew no

ounds when he heard that the renegade, Girty, had abducted the girl. The eternal villain!" he cried, in wrath. 'let me draw 'bead' on him once, and he'll never carry off any other white gal to give to the painted devils that he calls his brothers."

The party headed by Jake Jackson, who had been in search of traces of the missing girl, had returned to Point Pleasant just before the arrival of the three scouts. Their search had been fruitless; no traces of the missing girl had they discovered. "I'll tell you what it is, General," said Boone

to the aged father, whose sad countenance showed plainly his deep grief, "thar ain't any use of looking for the gal, or that 'tarnal vil-lain either, in the timber 'bout hyer. He's made tracks long ago for the Injun settlement by the banks of the Scioto, Chillicothe, as the red hea-thens call it."

'But, colonel, can nothing be done to rescue her?" asked the aged father, in despair.
"Why, General, you see it's a bad time for to

do any thing. Within twenty-four hours the Injuns will be around us thick as bees round a nive. We'll have our hands full to attend to the savages and keep their paws off our top-knots. I feel right bad for you, General, but you know our first duty is to the helpless shecritters and young 'uns hyer. We can't let 'em be massacreed right afore our eyes, you know. We've got to whip the red devils fust; then we'll do what we can toward saving your little

"You are right, Boone," said the old soldier, sadly; "the safety of the whole settlement can not be put in peril for the sake of my private I must bow in submission to the will of

Heaven, though my affliction is sore.' General, I feel for you, but duty you know

is duty," said Boone, slowly.
"Heaven forbid that I should say a single

blow that we can strike for your daughter's rescue is to whip the red heathens that are coming ag'in' us. When we drive 'em back, then we can follow them up, and perhaps be able to snake the little gal out of their hands." Boone was trying by his words to lift the weight of sorrow that pressed so heavily upon the heart of

The father shook his head, sorrowfully. He had little hope of ever seeing his daughter

He knew the nature of the red-men well. If defeated in their attack on the station, they would be apt in their rage to avenge their defeat by giving any helpless prisoner that might be in their hands to the fiery torture of death at the stake. No wonder that the father's heart

How many men have come in, Jake?" ques-

"We've got night onto two hundred, all told," replied the sturdy Indian-fighter.
"Well we ought to be able to whip a thou-

sand of the red-skins easy," said Boone, in a confident tone. "Do you expect any more,

"Not above half a dozen, kurnel; "we've drawn 'bout all our men in now," Jackson re-"Set the women to running bullets, and get

plenty of water inside the stockade. The red heathens may make a siege of it," said Boone. "Everything has been fixed, kurnel."
"That's pert. Now, Jake, I guess we three had better take a little rest. We've been ever-

lastingly tramping through the timber. Throw out some scouts up the river to watch for the red devils. After I've had an hour's nap I'll take to the woods myself.

Then Boone went to his cabin; he was followed by Kenton and Lark.

"I wonder what's the matter with the stranger; did you notice how pale he looked?"

Jackson said, referring to Lark.

"Wal—yes, I did," replied one of the settlers, who stood by Jackson's side. "I reckon they've had a putty tough tramp onto it. Maybe, though, some on us will look white afore we git through with Ke-ne-ha-ha and his Shaw. we git through with Ke-ne-ha-ha and his Shaw-

Many an anxious face in the little group of men that surrounded Jackson testified to the

truth of the speaker's guess.

In the cabin the three scouts stretched themselves upon the bear-skins spread upon the floor, and soon were in the land of dreams.

The hour's nap of Boone had lasted some

four hours, and the shades of evening were beginning to gather thick about the settlement when the old borderer awoke.

Boone rubbed his eyes and indulged in a prolonged yawn. "Jerusalem! my eyes feel as if they were

Then Boone cast his eyes through the little window that lit up the cabin, to the sky.

"It's late, too, by hookey!" he cried. "It's time for us to be on the look-out, for the red devils will probably try to cross the Ohio some time after durk."

time after dark. Then Boone laid his hand upon Kenton's The scout awoke instantly. His slumber was

"Time for our scout, Kenton," Boone said. "All right, I'm on hand, kurnel. Shall I wake Lark?" Kenton asked.

like the sleep of a cat.

The third one of the scouts was still buried in heavy slumbers. Yes, he'll be mad if we go without him, or at least, I know I would be," said Boone, with a chuckle. The stout-hearted borderer wel-

comed danger as he would an early friend. "All right; I'll wake him, then."
Kenton laid his hand upon Lark's shoulder,

but the sleeper stirred not. "Shake him a little," suggested Boone

Kenton did so, but the sleeping man never slowly. "He's laying himself right down to it, ain't he?" said Boone, with a dry humor in his voice.

"Hadn't we better go without him?" asked "Try once more. He's the soundest sleeper that I ever did see," Boone said.

Again Kenton shook the sleeping man, and

this time violently, but the effort was useless; Lark never moved. Kenton bent over and examined him.

"He ain't a-breathin' right," the scout said, in some little alarm. 'Has he got another fit?" asked Boone,

"Well, it looks like it. His teeth are clenched together, and he's breathing like a quarter-Boone knelt by Kenton's side and bent over

A moment's examination convinced Boone that there was something the matter with his companion.

Lark's breath came thick and hard. "Another spell, by thunder!" muttered Boone, as, with Kenton, he bent over the unconscious man.

Then, suddenly, as though moved by some secret spring, Lark's eyes opened. He stared into the faces of the two that bent over him, but his eyes were like eyes of glass; there was

no life therein.

Like men in a trance, Boone and Kenton gazed into the white face and the great, staring There was something in the face that seemed

to chill the very blood coursing in their veins.

For a moment Lark stared with meaningless eyes at the two, and they, fixed as statues, horrified, they knew not at what, returned the

Then, with a sudden start, and apparently with the strength of a giant playing in his muscles, Lark sprung to his feet.

As he rose, he came in violent contact with Boone and Kenton, and the sudden shock hursiand shock h

ried them to the floor as though they had been two children. When he had gained his feet, Lark cast a

rapid glance around him, passed his hand me-chanically across his forehead, and then, with a stealthy step, like unto a wild beast crawling in upon its prey, he left the cabin.

For a moment Boone and Kenton, scated

upon the floor where they had fallen, looked at each other in speechless astonishment. "If he ain't mad, I'm a catfish!" cried Ken-

ton.
"Let's foller him; he may do some one a mischief!" exclaimed Boone. Then, with eager haste, they followed Lark.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE PRICE OF LE-A-PAR'S HAND. THE Shades of night descended upon the village of Chillicothe, yet the plumed and painted warriors headed by Ke-ne-ha-ha went not forth the girl, promptly, and then she left the wigs the control of the plumed and painted warriors headed by Ke-ne-ha-ha went not forth the girl, promptly, and then she left the wigs the control of the girl, promptly, and then she left the wigs the girl, promptly, and then she left the wigs the girl, promptly, and then she left the wigs the girl, promptly, and then she left the wigs the girl, promptly, and then she left the wigs the girl, promptly, and then she left the wigs the girl, promptly, and then she left the wigs the girl, promptly and the girl

The red chieftain fumed and chafed like a caged lion. His allies, the Wyandots and the Mingoes, had sent word that they could not

upon his foes in overwhelming numbers.

Ke-he-ha-ha had faced the deadly fire of the white rifles on many a bloody field. He had felt the prowess of the hardy bordermen, and had learned to respect it. No hot headed boy was he, to rashly dare the power of the white skins without a force far superior to their own.

And so he waited, and while he waited—fu-

rious as the angry bear cheated of his prey-he called down the curses of the Great Spirit upon the heads of the slow-moving chiefs, his allies.

do," said the Shawnee, promptly.

For a moment Ke-ne-ha-ha looked into the

He paced restlessly up and down the narrow

"The chiefs of the Wyandots and the Min goes are like turtles; they should have houses on their backs. A warrior should be like the eagle or the hawk—swift as the forked light of the Great Spirit. The white-skins must know that the red-men will soon take the war-path against them. The great chief, Boone, has long ears. Like a fox he crept into the Shawnee village; he will carry back to his people the news that the red warriors are arming for

The meditations of the chief were interrupted by the entrance of his daughter, Le-a-pair.

The features of the chieftain softened as he oeked upon the handsome face of his only

"May Le-a-pah speak with her father, the great chief?" asked the girl, with a timid smile.
"The heart of the father is always open to
the words of his child," replied the chief, drawing the little form of the girl to him as he spoke, and smoothing back the dark masses of

ebon hair from her low forehead.
"Will my father be angry if Le-a pah speaks straight?" and the girl looked shyly into her

"The singing-bird wishes to leave her father.

then?"
"Did not the mother of the singing bird eave her father when she came to sing in the odge of the great chief?" the maiden asked,

"My daughter speaks straight. It is the course of nature. The leaf fulls from the tree and seeks the embrace of the earth. What is the name of the chief in whose wigwam Le-a-

'He is only a young brave," began the girl,

timidly:
"Youth is not a crime," interrupted the chief; "nor would I give my child to a brave whose hairs are like the snow in color. Spring whose hairs are like the snow in color. should not sit in the lap of Winter, else her blood will be chilled into ice—it is bad."

"The young brave is not yet a great warrior, but he has a heart as big as a bear, and no white plume is bound up in his scalp-locks. He will be a great chief when years come heavy upon his head," said the girl, cheered by the encouraging words of the great chief.

"Let my daughter speak his name, and then Ke-ne-ha-ha will know how to answer," said

'He is called the White Dog," and then the girl gazed anxiously into her father's face, but the face of the chief was like a face of marble; not a muscle moved as the name of his daugh-ter's lover fell upon his ears. Even the keen womanly instinct of Le-a-pah, now made doubkeen by the fires of love burning so intensely n her bosom, could not detect whether her father was pleased or displeased.

white fighting-man, Boone?" said the chief. The heart of the girl leaped for joy; she

'The young warrior that captured the great

thought the speech of her father an omen of Yes," she replied, joyously, and the warm

blood leaped freely into her cheeks.

"The young brave is very young," said the chief, gravely. But the heart of the girl could not be deceived. Her heart had told her that her father approved of her choice.

"Le-a-pah is young too," replied the girl.
"The chief is new on the war-path."
"Yet, alone he grappled with the great white hunter, and brought him to the earth. What other red-warrior has ever done the like?"

A grim smile crept over the stern features of

the chief as he listened to the unanswerable

words of the girl.
"My daughter is as wise as the fox—she speaks for her lover as stoutly as the she-wolf fights for her young."
"The great chief is not angry at Le-a-pah

because she speaks for the man she loves !

"No; it is the blood of Ke-no-ha-ha running in the veins of Le-a-pah that bids her speak." "My father then will give his consent that

the young chief shall claim Lea-pah as his "Ke-ne-ha-ha will then be alone in the world. The Red Arrow, his eldest joy, lies beneath the big oaks that sway their leafy branches in the woods of the Scioto valley. It is the will of the Great Spirit—the chief will not murmur

Then Le-a-pah may go and sing in the lodge

"Then Le-a-pah may go and sing in the lodge of the young warrior, and make glad his heart?" asked the girl, her heart swelling with joy.

"Yes—on one condition," replied the chief.

"And what is that?" asked the girl, puzzled.

"The chief must first know. If he accepts the condition and performs the service asked, then Le-a-pah shall be his wife, and Ke-ne-ha-ha will himself give her into his hands."

The look of joy upon the face of the girl amply repaid the father for his kindly words.

"Ke-ne-ha-ha too is growing old. In years to come he will be too old to lead the Shawnee warriors to battle. His feet will be feeble upon the war-path and his sight will be dim. The Shawnees will select a new chief to lead them.

Shawnees will select a new chief to lead them. Who so fit as the son-in-law of their old sachem. if Ke-ne-ha-lifts up his voice in his favor?" The heart of the girl beat high with pride as she listened to the words of her father and thought of the future that looked so bright be-

"Le-a-pah can not speak as she would, for her heart is too full."

"Let my daughter send the young chief to e. .Ke-ne-ha-ha will tell him of the service that he must attempt in order to win the flower of the Shawnee tribe."
"It is a service of danger?" and a look of

anxious fear swept over her dark face. "If the flower is not worth the winning, no chieftain's hand shall ever pluck it from the

warniors headed by Ke-ne-ha-ha went not forth upon their expedition against the whites on the banks of the Ohio.

The red chieftain fumed and chafed like a caged lion. His allies, the Wyandots and the Mingoes, had sent word that they could not move their forces for three days, and so, despite frank and open face of the young Indian.

The red chieftain fumed and chafed like a chieftain's daughter thanks of the Ohio.

In a few minutes the young warrior who aspired to the hand of the great chieftain's daughter thanks of the Chieftain's daughter thanks of the Wyandots and the like a case a searching glance into the move their forces for three days, and so, despite frank and open face of the young Indian.

When she saves this she-critter."

Then the renegade resumed his place by the difference whether it is discovered or not," said the war.

Are you going to kill the gal?" asked Ken, as though it was the killing of some worthless beast that he referred to.

Ke-ne-ha-ha went not forth the wig
The nearingly.

Then the renegade resumed his place by the discovered or not," said the chief to the hand of the great chieftain's daughter thanks of the Ohio.

The red chieftain fumed and chafed like a chief to the hand of the great chieftain's daughter thanks of the opin the renegade resumed his place by the discovered or not," said the chief to give the chieftain's daughter thanks of the point of the great chieftain's daughter thanks of the opin the renegade resumed his place by the discovered or not," said the chief to said the chief to the hand of the great chieftain's daughter thanks of the opin the renegade resumed his place by the discovered or not," said the chief the gal?" asked Ken, as the chief to the hand of the great chief.

The red chieftain function and the chief to the hand of the great chief.

The red chieftain function asked Ken, asked

skill. "The young brave would have the daughter could accomplish nothing unless he came down upon his foes in overwhelming numbers.

of Ke-ne-ha-ha to sing in his wigwam?"

The chief speaks straight," replied the

rise their speaks straight," replied the young warrior, firmly.

"The love of a pure girl is priceless; no treasure like it on the earth; it is the greatest blessing that Manitou ever gave to his red children. What will the young warrior give or do to win the singing bird?"

"He will give his life for Lagrache do all

"He will give his life for Le-a pah; do all possible things. Let the chief speak—tell of the service that he wishes the young warrior to

face of the young brave as though pondering pon the words that he was about to speak. The warrior waited auxiously, impatient to know of the deed that he must do to win the girl that he loved so fondly.
"The chief has heard of the Wolf Demon?"

asked Ke-ne-ha-ha.

"Yes," replied the warrior, and a look of dread crept over his face as he heard the name of the terrible scourge of the Shawnee nation.

"The paws of the Wolf Demon are red with the blood of my people. Many Shawnee warriors have fallen by the tomahawk of this terrible being. On their breasts he cuts his totem—

riors have tailen by the tomalnawk of this terrible being. On their breasts he cuts his totem—a Red Arrow. Does the chief know why the totem of the Demon is a Red Arrow?"

"No," the warrior replied.

"The Red Arrow was the eldest daughier of Ke-ne-ha ha—the sister of Le-a-pah. She left her tribe to dwell in the wigwam of a white stranger. Ke-ne-ha-ha followed and struck to the death the false girl who forsook her tribe. He killed also the white skin. The dead white was eaten up by a wolf, but the soul of the white-skin lived. It eat up the soul of the animal, and the beast became the Wolf Demon—a Wolf with a human soul. The Wolf Demon can be killed. Ke-ne-ha-ha has grappled with him. He did not clutch air but substance. The human wolf can be struck to the death if the blow be given rightly."

The words of the great chief opened the eyes

of the young brave. He guessed what the service was that the Shawnee chieftain wished at

"Let the great chief speak of the deed that must be done to win the hand of Le-a-pah." "The human wolf can be killed—"

"Let my young brave try to kill the Wolf Demon. If he draws one drop of blood from the scourge of the Shawnees, he shall have the daughter of Ke-ne-ha-ha." A look of fierce determination settled upon

"The Shawnee warrior accepts the offer," he said, firmly. "He will seek for the Wolf Demon in the wood. He will search for him as the panther searches for the red chief that steals its cub. If mortal hands can take the life of the Shawnee terror, then he shall fall by the knife of the White Dog."

"It is good?" cried Ke-ne-ha-ha, and a look of catisfootion.

of satisfaction came over his face. "Let the young warrior perform the service and the great chief of the Shawnee nation will give

'The White Dog will seek the Wolf Demon

Then the warrior turned upon his heel and left the wigwam.

> CHAPTER XXXVI. DEATH OR FREEDOM.

WHILE the great Shawnee chieftain wa stating to the anxious lover the condition that covered the gift of his daughter's hand, another

strange life drama was being enasted in the Kendrick-the renegade-and his daughter the Kanawha Queen-stood together by the wigwam that held in its confines the helpless

prisoner, Virginia Treveling.

Before the door of the lodge sat a bra-Shawnee brave, placed there by Girty to watch he prisoner.

The dark-browed renegade had taken amplneasures to hold his victim, securely, in hi

power.

First, Kate guarded the prisoner; second, the Indian warrior kept ward and watch.

No thought of the prisoner's escape ever crossed the mind of Girty. He, too, like the Shawnee chieftain, Ke-ne-ha-ha, chafed at the delay of the expedition against the whites.

The renegade was fully as eager as his red brother for the banquet of blood, He longed to see the smoke of the burning dwellings cloud the face of the sky and to ver his krife.

cloud the face of the sky, and to wet his knife in the warm life-blood.

Kendrick had just explained to his daughter he reasons that led to the delay of the expedi-Kate listened attentively, her brain busy in

hought.
"And when will the expedition move?" she

"That's duberous, gal," he answered. "It all depends upon the Wyandots and the Mingoes. When they send their warriors, then we kin go ahead, but not till then.' 'And my plan, father, to remove this girl

from my path?"
"You had better carry it out right away, said the renegade, after thinking for a moment.
"Thar'll be no better chance than at the present. I owe Girty a little balance, which I reckon this affair will settle. Instead of staying with his own tribe, the Wyandots, he's been

ing with his own tribe, the Wyandots, he's been sneakin' round hyer with the Shawnec. If it goes on, he'll have more influence hyer than I have, and I ain't a-goin' to stand that, nohow. So, gal, if you want any help to snake the gal out of his clutches, I'm the critter for to give it to you, and no mistake."

"I may need your aid, father," said the girl, thoughtfully. thoughtfully.

"All right, you kin have it. I'd do most "I think that it will be better to carry the girl off to-night. He may place her in some safer place to-morrow."

"Jest so; thar's no tellin'; he's as suspicious as a crow. It will worry him some to lose the feet.

as a crow. It will worry him some to lose the gal," said Kendrick, with a grin.
"But the Indian sentry before the door of the wigwam?" and, with her eyes, Kate indi-

cated the brawny warrior, who, seated before the lodge-door, was smoking a rude pipe, fashioned from a corn-stalk, with great satis-

'Oh, I kin fix him easy 'nough," replied Kendrick. "Then I will make the attempt at once,"

said Kate, decidedly.
"Fil fix the Injun. You go into the lodge.
I'll talk to the chief and get him to leave his post for a moment. When he's gone, Fill cough; then, you slip out of the lodge with the gal and take to the timber. It ain't likely that they will be apt to discover that the gal is gone till morning."

"And by that time it will make very little she kin. She little knows who difference whether it is discovered or not," said when she sayes this she-critter.

"But if you leave her hyer with Girty-" "May she not escape from him?"
"That's true; but dead—"

"She can not return."

"That's true ag'in."
"That's true ag'in."
"Once in the forest, dead, a prey to the wolves, she never more will rival me."
"Wal, I don't know but what I like it better that way myself. It'll worry Girty, and that will jest suit me," said Kendrick, thoughtfully.
"I'll enter the wigwam at once and prepare the girl."

the girl."

"And arter you go in I'll tackle the Injun.
I've got an idea for to git shet of him. When
I cough, you'll know that he's out of the way, so, without further words, Kate left her father and entered the lodge. Kendrick waited until she was fairly inside, and then he walked, leisurely, to the Indian on guard and sat down by his side.

by his side.
The brawny chief acknowledged the approach of the renegade with a nod of recogni-

"Ain't this kinder dull work for my bro-"Ugh!" and the Indian gave vent to a grunt

of dissatisfaction. "You'd rather be on the war-path ag'in' the white-skins along the Ohio than to be hyer, a-keepin' watch over a squaw?"

"My brother speaks straight," said the Indian, in a surly tone, taking the pipe from his lips for a moment.

ips for a moment. 'Pity we can't go on the war-trail, hey?" "Big pity," replied the chief, sententiously.
"My brother thinks much of his Wyandot brother; Girty?" said Kendrick, in a tone of

"His Wyandot brother is a great warrior,"

"His Wyandot brother is a great warrior," replied the chief, evidently not willing to commit himself by a decided answer.

"Wal, I judged that you thought a heap of him by being willing for to do his watching, byer," said Kendrick, suggestively.

"Girty is a great Wyandot chief, but the Shawnee brave is not his watch-dog for love.
The chief does a service, but the chief will be

he chief does a service, but the chief will be aid for it."
"Oho!" muttered Kendrick to himself, "I reckon I know how the chief is a-goin' to be paid."

"My brother knows now that the Shawnee is to be paid for his service," said the Indian.
"No more than right," said Kendrick, heart-"I heerd the other day that Girty go ome corn-juice from a flat-boat that he capti-

"Wah! it is good. The Shawnee brave is to have corn-juice in payment of his service."
"Wal, corn-juice ain't bad to take when it's good," said Kendrick, reflectively.
"It is good!" replied the warrior, decidedly.
"I wish that my mirror years?"

"It is good? replied the warrior, decidedly.

"I wish that my wigwam wasn't so far off,"
said Kendrick, with a sly look into the Indian's
bronzed features as he spoke.

"Why does my brother wish that?" asked

"Wal, I feel thirsty, and I've got some of the best corn-juice that you ever see'd in my wigwam, and I'm too 'tarnal lazy to go after it." "It is bad," said the warrior, slowly, looking askance at the renegade.
"If my brother did not have to watch the

"If my brother did not have to watch the wigwam he could go for the corn-juice and we would drink it together."

"My brother speaks straight."

"I'm sorry that the chief can not go—"

"Why can not the chief go?" asked the Indian, within whose breast there had sprung up a strong desire to taste the precious fire-water

"Is he not watching the wigwam for his Wyandot brother, Girty?"
"Can not the Shawnee chief go for the fire-

water, and leave his Shawnee brother to watch the lodge?" asked the Indian.
Of course this was exactly what the shrewd renegade wished. My brother is as wise the fox."

"My brother is as wise the fox."
The Indian bowed at the compliment.
"Will my Shawnee brother go for the fire-water and leave me to watch the lodge?"
"My brother speaks good. The chief will go," and the Indian rose to his feet.
"The chief will find the corn-juice under a blanket near the door of the lodge."
The Indian bowed gravely, and departed.
"He'd smell it out, anyway," muttered Kendrick; "leave a red-skin alone for finding whisky, if thar's any around. They go for it quick es a coon does for a tall tree when the dogs are arter him. Now I'll jest warn Kate, so that she will know that the coast is clear. I that she will know that the coast is clear. eckon Girty will swear some when he finds that the gal has broke for tall timber," and the

negade chuckled in glee. His fit of laughter over, he looked about him carefully. No one was in sight; so he cautiously gave the signal agreed upon between Kate and himself. A few moments after the sound of the cough

died away on the night air, Kate came, cau-tiously from the wigwam, followed by Vir-"All right, gal," said the renegade, quickly, All right, gair, said the vertex quarter of the Injun's out of the way, but don't let grass grow under your feet between hyer and the Ohio. They may diskiver that you've cut

your stick any moment. "Do not worry, father; I know every foot of the ground between here and the river," replied the girl, a strange nervousness patent in her voice. "Come, lady; do not fear; before

this night is over, you shall be free from danger,"
"Thar ain't much danger in the grave," muttered the renegade between his teeth.

Then Kate led the way into the wood, and Virginia followed without a word.

The renegade watched them until the dark shadows of the forest closed around them and they were hid from his view. "I reckon my little gal will fix her," muttered the renegade, in a tone of satisfaction.

Then a thought flashed suddenly across his

mind. With a sudden spring he leaped to his feet.

"By all the imps below, I never thought of that before!" he cried, excitedly. "Shall I foller and stop 'em?" and he took a few steps toward the wood, as if to execute the purpose. "But no, why should I?" and he halted. "One don't know it, and the other don't either. It can't be a crime if she don't know what she's doing in killing this gal." And then another thought came into his mind. The dull-witted renegade was getting strangely bright.

renegade was getting strangely bright.

"The gal has fooled me! I remember now that she once told me that this Miss Treveling was the only woman in the world that had ever spoken a kind word to her, and that she would willingly lay down her life for her sake. The truth on't is, that she has sneaked the gal out of our hands to save her. The lover story was all moonshine. Wal, let the gal do it, if she kin. She little knows what she is doing

word to swerve you from the path of duty. I am too old a soldier to counsel you to do wrong," said the old man, quickly.

The wily sachem knew full well that he words to the two and words.

Therein he saw written both courage and fiercely. "Is she not loved by the man whom skill.

I love better than I do any one else in this from the darkness came Girty.

Girty said but a few words to the two and words?"

then entered the lodge. Thare'll be a hurricane 'fore long," muttered Kendrick.

The renegade was right, for Girty rushed from the wigwam, furious as the panther cheated of its prey.

"Curses on you, the gal is gone!" he cried.
The Indian looked the astonishment he felt,
while on Kendrick's face was a look of amazement, of course assumed for the occasion. "You have left your post," Girty cried to the Indian.

The chief did not attempt to deny it, but strove to excuse himself by stating that Kendrick had watched in his place.

Girty guessed the scheme at once.
"You eternal villain!" he cried, addressing
Kendrick; "it was all contrived between you
and your daughter to rescue the girl from my hands, you lying hound!" Enraged, Kendrick rose to his feet, drew his

knife and made a dash at Girty, but his opponent was quicker far than he, for, as Kendrick advanced, Girty dealt him a terrific blow with his tomahawk that felled him like a dog to the earth.
"Lie there and rot?' cried Girty, contemptuously. "And now summon the warriors; we must follow our birds at once. As for this af-

fair, you can bear witness, chief, that I struck im in self-defense." Within five minutes, a dozen painted war-riors, headed by Girty, were on the trail of the

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THE TALE OF A TAILOR.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

ne fourteen hundred thousand Little years ago, A tailor loved Miss Jean; his name Was Mr. So-and-so.

"My dear," said he, "it seems to me You are an angel fair; And oh, the love I bear for you, Is warranted to wear.

"You are a grease-spot on my mind That never will remove; My heart indeed would be of frock If you I did not love.

"In Cupid's coaterie I move;
To you my spirit leans;
Though fortune called me far away
My heart is always Jean's.

"My love it binds me unto you;
And I will give my cath
I am not making up a lie
To-day out of whole cloth."

But ah, the maid disdained his suit—
"I trowser," answered she,
"That you're a pantaloonatic;
So don't talk sew to me!"

This was the unkindest cut of all; His suit had proved a sack; He took to writing poetry; His measures hope did lack. He saw he could not collar wife, His heart grew very sewer-His heart grew very sewer— fround his in-seissors all day long, And occasionally swore.

He quickly lost his appetite;
For cabbage had no eye—
Refused to dine from tashion-plates,
And then resolved to dye.

He drove ten thousand needles straight Into his mournful breast— Made a needle-cushion of himself— And mold on him was pressed,

Strange Stories.

THE BURIED TREASURE. A NEW ENGLAND LEGEND.

BY AGILE PENNE.

In the town of Branford, Connecticut, close to the shore washed by the waters of Long Island Sound, lived Ethan Sneed, a retired mer-

Sneed was a man of large property, and something of a miser in his disposition A single child only called him father :

young and beautiful girl. Naturally Abigail Sneed did not want for lovers, as she was not only young, charming in face and form, blessed with an excellent disposition, but was also the heiress of her father's wealth.

In regard to the suitors of the heiress, it was the old story repeated; her father had chosen the son of a rich neighbor, who was heir not only to his father's wealth, but to his surly manners and clannish habits, while the brighteyed girl had, with all of youth's willfulness fixed her affections upon a young and hand-some captain of a fishing-smack that sailed from

Reuben Dedham owned little in the world besides the Pearl, as the little fishing sloop was named, and a poor three acres of ground, whereon stood the cottage where his mother lived. But Reuben was stout of limb and fair in face; a bronzed sea-master, who had been bred from boyhood to the roaring main and who knew not the meaning of the word, fear.

Old Sneed had told the young sailor, promptly and plumply, that his daughter was not for Abigail had cried until her eyes were red, for she dared not disobey her father, much as she

loved young Reuben, and the captain of the fishing smack had hoisted sail and passed to sea on a trip for profit beyond the frowning Old Sneed felt rejoiced when he saw the white sail of the Pearl bend to the breeze, and

gazed upon the foamy wake the little vessel left behind her. He feared a lover's prayers and a maiden's powers of resistance.

Then, as the day was mild and the waters calm, old Sneed hurried down to the water's

edge, entered his boat, took the oars and put to To all his neighbors—and there were not

many folks in Branford at the time we write of, the year 1760-it was a mystery why old Sneed spent so much time in his boat paddling around the Thimble Islands, but some wise heads shrewdly suspected that the old miser had heard the story of the buried treasure of Kid, the pirate, who but a short time before had been hung from the fore yard-arm of one of his majesty's ships.

The story went that Kid was wont to rendezvous upon one of the Thimble group, and that he buried vast stores of treasure in some secret spot upon the island.

Of course the treasure had been sought for,

The suspicion of the gossips was correct. Night and day thoughts of the buried treasure of the bloody pirate, Robert Kid, were ever in the mind of the miser.

By day he thought of the vast sum of broad Spanish gold-pieces, wrested from the galleons of the south, that the pirate was reputed to have hidden in the bosom of old mother earth, and by night, in his dreams, he looked upon great heaps of glittering gems, worthy to glisten in the diadem of an eastern king, that the remorseless robber had stolen from lordly knight and gentle lady upon the bosom of the rolling ocean.

If he could only discover the hiding-place of the treasure, no monarch on earth could compare with him, a New World prince, in wealth. So old Sneed rowed from island to island carefully seeking on each one for traces of the

One island, by common report, had been designated as the one where the treasure had been buried, and a little sandy bay had received the title of Kid's Harbor.

Old Sneed was not a firm believer in this theory, though, that the pirate had buried his treasure on Money Island, but thought it more likely that the crafty villain would have sought one of the lesser islands as a treasure house rather than the one to which he commonly re

Speed's search so far had proved a fruitless one, and, as he dipped the oars in the shimmer ing tide, he watched the bright drops falling back to the parent flood, and wondered if the buried jewels of the pirate were larger than

Mentally he regretted that he did not know where to procure one of the famous diviningrods, which were said to be infallible in desig

nating the hiding-place of buried treasures.

If he could only get his hands upon one of those wonderful rods there was no doubt that it would at once reveal to him the exact spot was, and then I'd—"

Was, and then I'd—

This day Sneed had resolved to spend in searching the surface of Money Island thorough ly; and, as he pulled up toward the little sandy cove, judge of his dismay when he beheld a oat drawn up beyond the reach of the tide apon the beach.

A horrible suspicion seized upon him. What if the stranger or strangers, who had come in the boat, had discovered the pirate's treasure? With wonderful nimbleness for one so old as

Sneed, he forced his boat up on the beach, jumped out, drew it up beyond the reach of the waves, and ran up upon the rocky ledge beyond the cove.

As he had expected, there were strangers upon the island. Two men, bending low to the ground, were watching a peeled wand of the wood commonly termed Witch Hazel, which was curiously balanced upon a forked stick.

Regardless of all consequences, old Sneed hurried down toward the strangers. If they had discovered the treasures, he was bound to have a share, even at the risk of his life. The men looked like sailors; one was old and

the other young. They started in surprise when they beheld Sneed, and clapped their hands beneath the heavy jackets that they wore, as if in search of weapons.

Then, for the first time, Sneed realized the danger of his position.

But after the strangers had taken a good look at old Sneed, who was now thoroughly frightened and wished that he was safe back again to the main land, their bearing changed. 'By old Neptune, this is the very man!" the elder of the two strangers cried.
"So it is!" replied the other.

Sneed was astonished at the recognition, and knew not what to make of it. Holla, messmate!" cried the first stranger,

"can you guess what we're after?"
"Kid's treasures, I suppose," replied Sneed, who began to gain courage, perceiving that the

strangers had not discovered any thing.

"Right, by hookey!" exclaimed the old sailor, in a tone of wonder. "Harkye, messmate, we'll do the fair thing by you, for you are the only man who can get the pirate's treasure. You see me and my shipmate went to a fortune-teller in York, and she gave us this divin-ing-rod, and told us that on this island Kid buried his treasure, but that the rod would only show the spot to a man who had sought the treasure for over seven weeks, seven days, and seven

"I'm the man!" cried Sneed, eagerly, "I

have sought for it over that time."

"Yes, the fortune-teller said that if we went to the island and tried to find the treasure, that just such a man as you are would come to us and that in his hands the rod would work Now, mate, we want to act honest; if you'll work the rod, we'll give you one-half."
"No, no, I must have two-thirds!" cried

Sneed who saw that he had the best of the bar-After some expostulation, which failed to

move the miser a jot from his way, the two sailors consented.
"Now, let me try!" cried Sneed, trembling with excitement.

with excitement.

"No, mate, no use till midnight!" the sailor replied. "We'll stay on the island, you can go home and then come back."

To this Sneed strongly objected; he was not going to leave the island until the treasure was discovered. Besides, it was already late in the afternoon, and it would not be many hours to midnight.

Then the sailor suggested that Sneed's household would become alarmed at his prolonged absence and search for him.

Sneed at once explained that his daughter had gone to New Haven to visit a friend and

would not return for three days, and that the neighbors would be apt to think that he had gone with her, and assuredly would not trouble themselves to look for him. So that all agreed that it was better that

Sneed should wait.

Darkness came; Sneed never felt a bit hungry, for he could think of nothing but the sure which would soon be his.

The old sailor calculated the hours by the noon which rose at eleven, and when twelve o'clock came, Sneed tried the magic wand, and it pointed to almost the same spot where the sailors had thought of digging

Sneed grabbed the spade and set to work. The moment the iron entered the ground the sailors yelled in affright, cried out that they saw a ghost, pushed Sneed over on his face, and ran down to the beach, jumped one in each boat and pulled lustily away, leaving Sneed alone on the island without means of getting off. In vain he implored the strangers to return. In five minutes they were out of sight and hearing. Then Sneed returned to dig for the Six inches down he struck the rock which forbade all progress. Too late he began to believe the treasure a humbug.

When morning light came, Sneed was almost famished; great was his joy when Reuben and his smack came beating up round the island He hailed the smack, but the fisherman refused to aid Sneed unless he consented to his daugh ter marrying the man of her choice. It was a bitter pill, but better than to starve to death, and so Sneed consented.

After Reuben was fast married the truth leaked out; the two treasure-seekers were men hired by Reuben, and the miser had been duped. The trick cured him though of any further search for Kid's buried treasures.

Una's Escapade.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"OH, dear! if I only knew what to do with myself all this long, weary summer. I believe I was born under an unlucky star."

Una Penrose laid down her novel, whose eaves were yet uncut, and gave a vindictive little kick with her tiny rosetted slipper—No. Marie Antoinettes. You needn't smile, Retta," she added, to

Miss Geoffrey, who lay cozily and contentedly on the yellow silken lounge between the winlows, lazily examining a dainty lace sett. What ever are you laughing at, Retta?'

"To hear you say you were born under an unlucky star. You, little princess, whose life has been a fairy tale, whose greatest sorrow no more than the loss of a canary. You born under an unlucky planet!"

Miss Geoffrey's low, sweet voice lent thrill-

ing distinctness to every word she uttered-and indeed the most commonplace remarks seemed rare as rubies when she said them. She smiled at ponting Una with a yearning, pitying tender ness in her wistful brown eyes, as a mother might gaze at the little one who pitted its trif ling inconveniences against the keener ex perience of its parent.

"But if I am discontented and dissatisfied with it all, and all this everlasting parade o what an inexhaustible purse can buy—am blame? I just tell you, Retta Geoffrey,

A faint blush surged lightly to Una's face then her proud upper lip curled itself most un mistakably. "Harry Gregory! You are very much mis-

taken. When I accept an offer of marriage it will be from-well, not Mr. Gregory."

"From who, dear? I beg you to tell me," and Retta sprung up from her reclining posi-

"Why, what is the matter, Retta? You are surely faint—and I don't wonder, the way you lay awake nights, and the miserable breakfasts you take. Will you have my salts?" She arose to reach for them, but Retta inter-

posed her hand. Oh, no! I am not at all ill. Am I pale

Go on with what we were talking about."
"Oh, yes," returned Una, "it was of marriage, and I imagined—only for a moment, you know—that you would faint because you thought I was going to say I wouldn't have any body but Owen Kinneleigh—that charming Welsh gentleman, you remember. Oh, isn't he splendid, isn't— Retta! what is the matter? I shall ring for pa at once.

"Please don't; wait just a minute and I will tell you.'

Miss Geoffrey's words were low and sweet as they always were; but Una heard the burden of anguish they carried, just as plainly as she saw the same grief in her wistful eyes. "I am very weak and unwomanly, I fear," she said, after a moment; "but I never hear his name without just such emotion. Oh, Una! Una! how I worshiped Owen Kinneleigh once! And I never dreamed you would care for him."

Una gazed in amaze at the white face, and the pale lips that uttered the quick, passionate words; and then a bright flush began to encarmine her own face. She knelt down beside the ounge, and wound her arms around Miss Geof

Retta. I see it all now—all the sleeples nights, the untasted meals, the weeping of your dear eyes when you thought I didn't know; and all for Owen Kinneleigh! Retta," and the voice sunk to a murmur, "does he love

you? 'How can I tell?" she returned, almost angrily. "He said so, and then, because I—because we quarreled—he went away and left me. And for a long year I have never seen or You call the summer 'long and weary;

what think you it is to me? Una, for reply, curled and caressed the tiny spires of hair that 'ay like jetty tendrils on Retta's white forehead. Then, after a long, long silence, she broke it

"Retta, darling, I will forget Owen Kinne leigh, and you shall forget what I said. And now, help me decide on my summer's escapade
—for a jolly escapade I am determined it shall

A spacious bedroom, over whose two wes tern windows climbed vagrant honeysuckle vines, that perfumed with such subile sweet-ness the air that stirred the white dimity curains, and gently rustled the sides of the old fashioned patch-work quilt that covered the high, four-post bed. A wide strip of home-made carpet was laid beside the bed; a similar piece in front of the cherry washstand, which, with the tiny glass that hung over it did dou ble duty for toilette stand and dressing-case.

A Boston rocking-chair was invitingly urging one to occupy it beside one shady window, and as Mrs. Olmstead, the thrifty farmer's wife, showed the "new girl" her clean, sweet, countrified bedroom, and left her to don strict working attire before she descended to the kitchen, and went down-stairs herself, the remarkably self-possessed help settled herself in that chair with a grace and dignity very unlike "Annie Smith;" but had Harry Gregory, or Mr. Owen Kinneleigh happened to have been about, they would have said very like "Miss Una Penrose." And, Miss Una Penrose it veri tably was, actually launched on that "jolly escapade" of hers; positively "hired out" for not less than a month to Mrs. Olmstead, who kept the select boarding-house at "Sunset Light" for the few permanent, and numerous transient guests who honored her.
You would not have known Una. That is

you would have been astonished at the equally provoking likeness and unlikeness: you would be just about tempted to speak to her and say, "Miss Penrose! Is it possible?" and then, a second searching glance and a sparkle of anger from her blue eyes, and you would bow, and stutter, and mutter something about "craving Miss Annie's pardon; but really the resemblance was so pointed," etc., etc. She sat looking out over the broad meadow, covered with short, sweet pasturage, at the wide-spread fields of ripening oats, that waved and swayed with such matchless grace as the wind swept softly over it; at the vast stretch of timber-land that bound the landscape like emeralds incasing choicer gem, and over, and around, and above all, at the hills that towered in a soft, blue-gray haze that lent sweeter enchantment to the sha dows, chasing the sunlight from wooded base

And Una felt the silent voices of Nature com muning with her as never before, even though she had stood on the Pacific shore, and picked up shells on old Atlantic's beach; though from the Jungfrau she had watched the sun come up, and on the top of Mount Washington watched it go down. Then she was the desirable Miss Penrose, the heiress, the beauty, whose walk, manner, dress, conversation were mimick ed by lesser lights; now-this with a swelling exuberance of joy in her heart—now she was going to drink deep at the same fountain of joy that humans less favored than herself had been quaffing from. What would she taste in he cup? What would come of all this?

cup? What would come of all this?
But she began to dress herself for her new duties, and her thoughts took wings for the present—except two separate and distinct ones that darted across her mind and away. She wondered whether, when she went back to Ret ta Geoffrey, when the harvest moon should shine, there would be news—good news con cerning Owen Kinneleigh? And then, with delicious blush on her cheek, as she reproached herself for caring, if only a wee while, for the man Retta worshiped so, Una vowed to never think of him again—and she did miss Harry Gregory more than she could have imagine possible. Those splendid mischievous eyes of his, that had looked such unutterable things in her own-wouldn't they sparkle at the sight of her as she looked now, so demurely sweet and enchantingly plain, in her brown and white calico dress, green gingham apron, and with her hair brushed plainly off her temples and confined in a net?

Harry was a real nice fellow, anyhow, only-Then a bell rung somewhere from the regions below, and as Una imagined it certainly was a summons for her, she started down, on this jolly escapade" of hers.

"It certainly is a remarkable coincidence, to say the least. It is the strongest resemblance.

Mr. Owen Kinneleigh recrossed his legs on the piazza railing, and slowly blew smoke-wreaths from under a luxuriant white moustache, while his head, crowned to perfection by the masses of dark gray hair that curled loosely about his neck and brow, leaned diectly against the pillar of the porch which diected the honeysuckle vines to Annie Smith's

How Una's heart throbbed-there, we may as well confess that she was sitting in her rocking-chair by the window when this conversation began between the two men, who, of all the world, had come to Mrs. Olmstead's for a fortnight's quiet relaxation.

They had been there a day or so already, and after Harry Gregory and Owen Kinneleigh had expressed their mutual delight and surprise at thus meeting, their next subject of conversa-

had been-Annie Smith. And Una-when she caught a first glance of

the two coming up from the boat-landing, felt her heart leap with mingled astonishment, delight, and agitation. Her cheeks had reddened so that Mrs. Olmstead had asked her what was the matter. Ah! Una would hardly admit to herself that she had learned something very curious and delightful since she commenced masquerading.
One new lesson was—and if more girls could

learn it, the better it would be for them-that it would not be such a terrible thing after all to become the wife of a poor man-like Harry Gregory, for instance; whom—this was the second secret lesson—she had begun to love very dearly.

And so, with sparkling eyes, and bounding pulse, she listened to hear these two men dis-

cuss "Annie Smith."

"Yes, she is a gentlewoman, undoubtedly,"
added Mr. Kinneleigh, "and it is her name
that puzzles me more than her face. I wonder
what Miss Penrose would say to see this double of hers? I'd give a good deal to see them to

Then Harry's voice, in a mischievous laugh, floated up with the fragrance of the honey 'I wonder if Miss Annie would be more

kind to a fellow than Miss Penrose was? I declare, Kinneleigh, I won't be able to eat a mouthful if this Hebe in calico waits on table

But I thought you were entirely devoted to Miss Penrose, Harry! I thought-

Hugh, please do not speak seriously of that. I am heartsore yet on that point. To-night I'd give ten years off my life if she'd let me

His voice had suddenly lost its gayety, and Ina knew how his face looked as he spoke, as rell as if she had seen it.

You can't depend on women, Gregory, and, though nobody in the world would imagine it, I tell you my life is a waste through the falsity of the one woman I ever did or shall care rush for. And I suppose she is happy and un-"But I'm sure if Una once loved she'd

And she knew by the decreasing sound that he two were walking away beyond hearing Once, just outside the lawn gate, Kinneleigh

Well, when Miss Penrose returns home from her tour of visiting, she may prove

"Why, is she from home? Since when? Where did she go? If I thought I would meet her anywhere-"Don't follow her up, Harry. Where did she go? Well, nobody knows exactly, only on

her own sweet will." Gradually a light began to beam in Harry's eyes; then a smile, first of amusement, then of a deeper feeling, parted his lips. But he smoked on in silence as they walked slowly along the river bank.

Una stopped suddenly on her way from the parlor, where she had been arranging fresh flowers, to meet Harry Gregory's eyes looking

You-you spoke to me, sir?" She was so angry to think her speech falter-

To you, or to Miss Una Penrose, whichever of you chooses to answer me. He was close beside her now, enjoying her

"You can't deny it, Una !- Miss Penrose, I

"Oh, Mr. Gregory, I never thought you'd find it out. And I was having such a good time! When she pouted so prettily, he was enchant-

ed. Girls don't pout when they are angry with their lovers—it's only when they want to try "But I shall spoil all this good time if you'll let me. Una! Una! if you only knew how delighted I was to find you!—if I only might

keep you forever and forever."

He had both her hands now, and was looking straight in her eyes—he had a great way of looking people in the eyes when he talked. Una drew a long breath, then glanced up a

him, with such sweet shyness on her face. Well, you may have me, if you want me!' And so one part of her escapade ended "in her offering herself to him," as Harry says, laughingly, "in the most un-get-out-of-it-able laughingly, "in the manner imaginable."

But he is content; and Una? She thought she was perfectly happy; but the day she took Owen Kinneleigh in Mrs. Olmstead's parlor and told him, with her sweet face all aflush, and bright tears in her pleading eyes, that Retta Geoffrey was not false nor

happy; and he promised to go to her again— Then—and when she saw for herself how blissfully perfect their lives ran on, even as Harry's and hers, she doubly rejoiced at her escapade."

A Land of Revolutions.

ALTHOUGH Mexico, with all her mineral wealth, salubrious climate, towering peaks, smiling valleys, moss-covered ruins and tumuli, and millions of volatile inhabitants, borders along this vast republic, little is known by citizens of the United States or foreign nations of its aboriginal, colonial or latter-day history.

When America was discovered the numerous tribes of Mexico were advanced in civilization and governed through a judicious and just system of laws. Agriculture flourished; and they had erected cities, large and massive in architecture, the ruins of which can be traced in a line leading southward toward the land of the Inca, where Pizarro once ruled with bloody sword.

Tradition, symbolical figures or hieroglyphics, discovered among them during the Spanish conquest, advance the belief that in the year 472 of the Christian era, they were expelled from Tollan, their own country, somewhere north of Mexico, and their life became nomadic, and remained so for over one hundred years, when they reached a place within fifty miles of the city of Mexico, where they rested twenty years, after which they traveled northwest a short distance and founded the city of Tollan or Tula. During their wanderings, the Toltecas were governed by chiefs; but in year 667 a monarchy existed among them, last-

neat, deft-handed maid-of-all-work is a lady by lence followed their prosperity and destroyed birth and breeding, if Fate has placed her in nearly the whole nation. Afterward the remmrs. Olmstead's kitchen." among the surrounding nations, being well re-ceived on account of their knowledge and civilization. One hundred years after the dispersion of the Toltecas, their country was taken possession of by the Chichemecas, who came from the north. A monarchical form of government existed among them. They formed an alliance with the Toltecas, and the rites of matrimony were celebrated among them, which changed the Chichemecas from a roving to an agricultural people, and they became conver. sant with the arts and knowledge of the Tohe-cas. After this they were joined by the Acolhuans, of the north, from which time their his. tory is uninteresting until the advent of the Aztecs, or Mexicans, also of Indian origin, who had lived northward on the Gulf of California, and emigrated thence in the year 1160, throug command of one of their deities, and after fifty six years' wandering arrived at the city of Zun pango. Massive stone buildings on the Gila them; also one of large dimensions at Casa Grande, which, at the time of the Spanish in vasion, was still perfect in form. Originally the Aztecs consisted of six tribes, but at Culi acan the Mexicans separated from the other five and continued their journey alone.

In 1216 they reached the valley of Mexico where they were enslaved by a petty prince, who demanded tribute. Released from bond-

age they wandered until 1325, when they settled upon the borders of a beautiful lake, erect ed an altar to their God, and founded the city of Tenochitlan, now the grand city of Mexico. A period of nearly two hundred years intervened from the founding of the city until the Spanish conquest. The Mexicans increased in strength and resources, and by conquest and alliance extended their dominion, not only over the other Aztec tribes settled around them, but also over tribes and nations speaking differ ent tongues from the Aziec or Mexican. At the invasion of the country by the Spaniards under Cortez, Montezuma was the ninth reigning monarch, having been elected by the peo-ple. The conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards vested the sovereignty of the country in the crown of Spain, and the establishment of the colonial government was followed by the en-

slavement of the natives.

Down to the year 1810, nearly three centuries, Mexico was governed by viceroys, appointed by the court of Spain.

Hidalgo, a priest, raised the standard of re-volt in 1810, having twenty thousand troops, but was routed in engagements, captured and shot. Moreles, after the death of Hidalgo, assumed command of the insurgent forces only to meet the same fate as Hidalgo. This revolution lasted nine years, and terminated in 1819. In 1821 Iturbide headed a revolution. Mexico was to be independent, her religion Roman Catholic, the government a constitutional mo narchy, and all distinctions of caste abolished. He succeeded and was made president, with a salary of \$100,000 per year, which office soon resolved itself into that of emperor. San'a Anna, one of Iturbide's former supporters, de clared against him, as also did Generals Victoria, Bravo and Guerrero, when Iturbide resigned the Imperial diadem in 1823 and sailel for Europe. He afterward returned in dis-guise, and was captured and shot by order of the Provisional Congress at Tamaulipas. Under the first federal constitution Victoria was elected president. He was succeeded by Pedraza, Before Pedraza had taken his seat he was pronounced against by Guerrero, who succeeded, and was declared legally elected, with Busta mente as vice-president. Guerrero had scarcely been installed before Bustamente pronounced and Guerrero was overthrown, fled, caught and executed for treason, and Bustamente installed as president. Santa Anna pronounced against Bustamente in favor of Pedraza, whom he had been instrumental in driving out only two years before. Bustamente abdicated and Pedraza three months of the term for which he had been declared president, in order that, upon the expiration of that brief period, Santa Anna might dexterously become his successor. This ccomplished, he took his route, with a wellappointed army, to Texas, where he suffered defeat and capture at San Jacinto. Bustamente ook the chair, but Santa Anna returning, the

this year Bravo was president for one week. Then followed a season of confusion, the laws were suspended, and Santa Anna and Canalizo were dictators, one overturning the other by revolution. The year 1844 ushered Santa Anna into full power as president; but, in that year, he was deposed and banished, and biconeaux Canalizo made president. his enemy, Canalizo, made president. Canalizo was soon driven out of Mexico. Herara came next; was deposed in 1845, and succeeded by Paredes, under whose administration the war with the United States began. Santa Anna again became president, but was deposed to make room for Arista, who, in turn, was compelled to resign by the revolution of 1858, and by decree Santa Anna was again recalled, and for the fifth time made president. By a coup of etat he attempted to make his rule perpetua but Alvarez, "The Panther of the Pacific, then Governor of Guerrero, raised the flag of revolt at Acapulco, and in 1854 put Santa Anna

latter again assumed the duties of office. During

Carera then became president, governing only even days. Commonfort succeeded him in 1856. After two revolts he was forced to re sign. Zuloaga then became president. Benito uarez, then Chief Justice, began a revolt, claiming his right to the presidency on the resignation of Commonfort, and established him self as president in Vera Cruz, while Zuloaga occupied the chair at the capital. Robles succeeded Zuloaga, and made a futile effort unite the two parties, and was succeeded by Miramon. From him the conservative mantle fell upon Ortega, after which period the French and Austrians, supported by the moneyed conservative element, placed Maximilian upon the throne—the truly noble Maximilian, whose faith in Imperial rule had led him from monar chical Europe to these shores where the lamp o liberty had so often been quenched only to be relit in the struggle to found a republic.

Maximilian's sad death by a public execution

was one of the bloody reprisals which liberty sometimes makes, but did it close the long record of Mexic horrors? No; to-day there is con parative peace there. Juarez, the enforce "President," after Maximilian's fall, reigne until his natural death; but the peace which exists may at any moment be broken, and a any hour we may hear that Mexico is again in

revolution. CAPT. WHITTAKER'S NEW ROMANCE!

We will soon give the opening chapters of Wolfgang, the Robber of the Rhine! A perfectly splendid story of love, adventure and chivalric deeds in the joust, tournament and

fray in those days when the Robber Knights of the Rhine were a terror to all of Western Europe, It is such a picture of those days, and of the men who preceded the happy reign of the good Em-"The likeness is singularly strange, as you say, Kinneleigh. And I think the compliment is equally applicable to either lady—for this peror Maximillan, as only the head and hand of a clever literary artist could portray; and the ro-